

THE Flag of our Union.

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VOL. IX.

F. GLEASON, (CORNER OF THURMONT AND BROADFIELD STS.)

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1854.

TERMS, (\$2.00 PER ANNUM, 5 CENTS SINGLE.)

N^o. 40.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE PRINCE CORSAIR: THE THREE BROTHERS OF GUZAN. A TALE OF THE INDIAN OCEAN.

BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER X.

FLIGHT AND SHIPWRECK OF SELIM.



though they advanced at his word, and presented apparently as bold a front as on former occasions, it was evident to his mind that there was not the same alacrity in their movements as before. Nevertheless, the first brunt of the contest was sustained gallantly. The foe were obliged to retreat, and their old spirit began to animate the defenders, when a sudden alarm in the direction of the capital, awakened all the worst apprehensions of the young king. A trumpet-blast was heard at a great distance, and shortly after a troop of horsemen, who had been stationed on the inland highway, appeared riding at full speed, as if pursued by an enemy. They clattered into the fort, their steeds white with foam, and their garments covered with dust. The leader, throwing himself from his horse at Selim's feet, cried out in trembling accents:

"My king—all is lost!"

"Speak!—what has occurred?"

"The city is in possession of insurgents, who are making sorties in all directions. We have been driven from our post by a troop of rebels, headed by Prince Usman, who proclaims himself king of Guzan!"

Scarcely were these ill-omened words uttered, than a new disturbance was noticeable at the outposts of the town, and a struggling throng of soldiers and citizens appeared, making with great speed for the fort. The defenders, who surrounded Selim, were seized with a panic at beholding this sight, and hearing the news from the capital; and then terror became soon communicated to all who occupied the shore. In a few moments the cry ran through the ranks that all resistance would be useless.

Selim in vain strove to arrest the progress of fear among his people. The tidings of treachery and rebellion seemed to paralyze at once all their previous resolution, and it became no longer doubtful that the fall of Guzan was inevitable. The king saw that all hope of defence must be abandoned; but his prudence and self-possession did not desert him. He called to him a few of the bravest men who still clustered near their monarch, and exclaimed—

"If Guzan must yield to traitors, let us seek a country elsewhere. We must presently our lives for future struggles! Who will follow me through yonder hostile fleet?"

A hundred of the brave islanders sprang forward at the words of their prince, and declared their willingness to die for him. Hastily arraying them in close order, Selim then announced his project of escape.

"We will make an onset upon the invaders as they attempt to land, and as soon as they gain the shore, seize upon their boats, and push off. We shall then be enabled to assault and carry the king of Guzan's ship, which is nearest the shore, and in that vessel force our way to sea."

his sword and rushing to the head of his devoted followers.

Whatever had been the determined energy of previous engagements, this last struggle of the islanders was the most desperate. Following their prince, they bore down upon the Xandians with terrific impetuosity, and drove many who had landed back into the water. But they wasted not their strength in hand-to-hand conflict. Their object was escape, and gallantly did they achieve it. Almost before the invaders could recover from the fury of the islanders' onset, they beheld their boats in the latter's possession, and far beyond the possibility of recapture. Too late the king of Xanda became aware of the stratagem by which his prey was about to escape, and though a thousand spears and arrows were hurled from the shores against the boats, no stop could be put to their progress against the ships, to which they were evidently shaping their course.

The large force which had landed, under the command of the king of Xanda, in order to make the powerful attack upon Guzan, had left the monarch's fleet almost defenceless, and had Selim a sufficient force, he might have captured the entire fleet, without a possibility of the latter's receiving succor from the shore. But his hundred gallant followers had been reduced nearly one half in the desperate melee upon the beach, and therefore he directed the attack upon the king of Xanda's ship, without attempting assault against the rest. It was not a difficult task to carry the vessel, for scarcely a dozen men had been left on board, and in a brief space King Selim had exchanged his sovereignty of Guzan for the command of an armed bark, which, through the midst of her late consorts, was steered safely from the harbor, and ere morning had sailed far away from the conquered island of Guzan.

The first intention of the dethroned prince was to shape his voyage for the Isle of Eagles, the bearings of which he remembered, in hopes of falling in with one of Ali-Nar's vessels, or, perhaps, the corsair himself. But though man may propose to himself a course, it is Heaven above which can determine the event; and the misfortunes of Selim were not yet to have a close.

Scarcely had the expropriated defenders of Guzan recovered sufficiently from the excitement of their escape to take counsel concerning their future movements, when a new danger began to threaten them. The weather grew boisterous, the skies began to lower, and everything betokened the coming of one of the terrible tempests which are so fatal in the Indian Ocean. At the same time a violent fever broke out among the people, occasioned by the crowded state of the vessel, and in consequence of there being many wounded men among those who had escaped from Guzan. Storm and disease thus added their horrors to the exile, into which the brave followers of Selim had thrown themselves, after their noble but unavailing defence of their invaded country.

It would be painful to detail all the trials of that wretched company on board the storm-tossed ship, or to depict the grief of Prince Selim in witnessing the sufferings and death of his people. One by one the survivors of battle fell before the insidious attacks of disease, until at length but a third remained of all who had escaped from Guzan.

In this course of affairs, when the vessel, deprived of her able-bodied seamen, became almost completely unmanageable during heavy gales, a violent tempest suddenly arose, and filled the breast of Selim with the direst apprehensions. The waves rolled mountain high in the ship's path—lightnings and thunders made fearful the skies, and in the intervals of the red flashes, a thick darkness settled upon the ocean's face. The few mariners who could sustain the hardships of the watch, were unable to control the helm, and in fact lost all reckoning of their course; and at last the forlorn prince of Guzan beheld the inevitable destruction of his ship—she struck upon a reef of sharp rocks, and the billows dashed in fury upon her decks, carrying

away masts and cordage, and sweeping nearly all the crew to a watery doom.

Prince Selim had only time to offer what he deemed a dying prayer to Allah, when the wreck, parting in two, was whirled high upon the shoals, and the few men who yet lived were swept away upon the greedy waves. The young monarch closed his eyes, and became insensible, while the fierce waters hurling him forward upon their crests, cast him high upon a ledge of rocks, and returning, left him apparently bereft of life.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ISLAND OF YASHNOR.

THE shore on which Prince Selim and his companions were wrecked, in which fearful catastrophe all perished but the young monarch himself, was in the neighborhood of the Indian city, called Yashnor, of no great size or wealth, the inhabitants of which subsisted by trading spices and fruits, which their country produced in great abundance, for other products brought from various lands. In the interior, among the valleys, many people were employed in cultivating the soil, in order to raise the above-mentioned articles of commerce, while the borders of the island, for such it was, were nothing but wide stretches of barren beach, or steep precipices, beyond which extended sunken reefs, very dangerous to navigation. On one of these reefs, as we have seen, the ship of Selim had been broken to pieces, and when that unfortunate prince opened his eyes once more to the light of day, it was to discover that he alone had been preserved of all the company. The waves, lashed to fury, had cast him safely beyond the reach of their return, and thus, during the remainder of a tempestuous night, he had lain, out of immediate peril, but exposed to all the violence of the winds and rain.

The morning was dull and gloomy, after the storm, and the ocean had not yet subsided into calmness, when the prince, recalled to his senses, looked downward from the rocks upon which he had been thrown. The shore was strewn with fragments of the wreck, interspersed with the mangled bodies of his late companions, and Selim, appalled at the sad spectacle, turned away his eyes, and rising with great difficulty, for his limbs were stiffened with cold, and brained by the rocks, he essayed to ascend the cliffs in order to ascertain if any habitation of man was in sight.

But that portion of the island of Yashnor, on which the shipwreck had taken place, was several miles distant from the city, from which it was also separated by high mountains, that looked down upon the cultivated valleys. Consequently, though the prince ascended to a great height above the shore, so that he could command an extensive view of the ocean, he yet was unable to discern any trace of human dwelling; so that he began to conclude that either the island was uninhabited, or only occupied by savages in the interior.

But the hardships he had endured, united with the pangs of hunger which now began to assail him—for he had eaten nothing for two days previous to the wreck,—urged Prince Selim to attempt the discovery of some road by which he might reach a less barren and inhospitable part of the country. Ascending still further the mountainous barrier, and penetrating through a narrow and perilous defile, which led from the outer cliffs, he was gratified to find that the vegetation became less stunted and irregular as he advanced, and that, here and there, wild berries began to appear, clinging to the crevices of the rocky pathway. These he plucked and ate as he journeyed, and found them very palatable and nutritious.

At length, after many mountings and descendings of the narrow and crooked defile, which at times conducted around the summits of steep precipices, and again clove, as it appeared, through the very centre of the mountains, Prince Selim reached a small valley, through the centre of which ran a clear stream of water, apparently gushing from the mouth of a cavern in the rocky wall. In this valley were quantities of the berries that he had before seen, and likewise several trees, loaded with a rich Indian fruit that Selim recognized at once to be the tamarind.

This discovery filled him with gratitude to Heaven, inasmuch as it assured him against the fear of famine, should he be forced to inhabit the island for any length of time. He knelt beside the running water, and after lavishing his hands, and praying fervently, took a copious draught of the pure element, and then treated himself to some of the rich fruit that clustered just above his head. Shortly after this, weary with his travel since morn to noon, the young prince fell asleep beside the stream. His slumber lasted for a long term, for when he awoke the moon was shining down upon the valley, shimmering through the trees, and spark-

ling upon the water beside him. But Selim's throat and lips were parched with fever, and a heavy pain throbbled through his temples. He strove to rise, but his limbs were stiff and sore, and refused to obey his will, while strange colors began to dance before his sight, and ringing noises to sound in his ears.

Selim knew that the fever, which had proved fatal to so many of his companions on board the ship, had now attacked himself in this desolate place, far away from all earthly succor. He made one more effort to rise, but in vain, and then, yielding to delirium, sank with a wild cry upon the ground.

But Heaven had not deserted the young prince. It happened that the small valley into which Selim had penetrated, was at this very time the abode of a dervish, or hermit, who resorted hither at certain seasons to practise his devotions, and who had made a rude habitation in the cavern from which issued the clear mountain rivulet of which the prince had drank. At the same moment in which the youth, overcome with fever, uttered a despairing moan as he sank prostrate, the good dervish was returning from a long journey which had called him away from the valley during all the day. The moon's rays falling upon the figure of the prince, acquainted him at once whence had proceeded the cry that he had heard, and hastening forward, he knelt quickly beside the stranger, and raised his head to the light.

Selim was quite unconscious of everything, though his eyes remained open, and his pulse beat rapidly. The fever, which had for a long time, doubtless, been secretly gaining strength, was now completely victorious over all his energies—mind and body being alike prostrated before its subtle power. Incoherent sounds fell from the young man's lips, and powerful spasms agitated his whole frame, so that the dervish saw that immediate action was requisite in order to save his life. He lifted him at once from the earth, and bearing him to the cave, laid him upon his own humble pallet, and then proceeded to apply such remedies as he could immediately provide.

The dervish, like most of his wandering profession, was somewhat skilled in herbs, and understood the preparation of simple medicines suited to sudden attacks like that now requiring his aid. Besides this, he was a man of much experience, and of a kindly nature, and therefore he exerted himself to the utmost in rendering all the service of which he was capable to the suffering stranger, who had been cast literally at his door. And under the skillful and gentle treatment which he speedily brought to bear upon his patient, the virulence of the fever was soon allayed, and Selim sank into a slumber which promised much for his restoration.

The good dervish, who had travelled in many lands, and encountered all kinds of people, recognized, as soon as he had leisure to observe his guest, that the latter was no common personage. He judged not alone by the rich robes of the prince, or the jewels and richly-decorated sword which had escaped being torn from their owner in his conflict with the waves, but likewise from the noble, distinguished countenance of Selim, and his majestic figure. These signs of high birth and station satisfied the hermit that whatever might be his misfortunes, the stranger was undoubtedly a prince, or of royal connection, and he pondered deeply as he watched the sleeping youth, upon what strange vicissitudes life is composed, when one who, doubtless, very lately had been invested with rank and power, was now dependent upon a wandering dervish for the care necessary to the preservation of his life.

"We are all in the hands of God!" murmured the dervish, as he turned to his devotions.

Prince Selim lingered long beneath the shadow of death's portals, but the kindly attentions of his host, and a naturally vigorous constitution, at last enabled him to throw off the disease which had prostrated his faculties. Weeks, it is true, passed away before he was able to relate to the dervish the incidents which had led to his present situation; but when, after proper rest and nourishing diet, which the hermit prepared from the fruits that grew abundantly in the neighborhood, and from the milk of two mountain goats, which had been tamed, the prince began to feel his old strength and health returning, it was to cherish in his soul deeper feelings of gratitude toward the bounteous Father who had preserved him through every trial.

But at least two months elapsed before Selim could venture to ascend above the rocky heights he had before traversed, and look forth upon the ocean once more. It was a bright sunlight day when he essayed the journey, and the waters, gambolling peacefully upon the yellow sands, flashed back the noonday rays in laughing brilliancy. How different from the scene which Selim had last witnessed upon this shore! Not a trace of wreck was visible—no unburied bodies

nor bleaching skeletons. All had been swept by some new tempest to the caves of ocean, and now nothing but sunlight, and glancing waves, and glittering sand, could be seen from the towering cliff.

"And where are my friends—my companions—my people?" cried the prince, clasping his hands, and lifting his eyes to heaven. "O, Allah! let thy rest be vouchsafed to them and to all suffering mortals!"

Prince Selim, after a long survey of the spot so fraught with sad associations, prepared to retrace his steps to the hermit's valley. He had learned from his host that the mountains in which they dwelt were situated about three or four leagues' distance from the town of Yashnor, and he proposed ere long to journey to the latter place, in company with the benevolent dervish, and there make himself known to the governor, who was reported to be a man of great goodness, and noted for his strict administration of justice throughout the island.

But another misfortune was about to try the faith and endurance of the prince of Guzan. Following the road which he had travelled, faint and weary, from the shipwreck, the young man arrived near the dusk of evening at the entrance of the valley in which he had for over two months dwelt beneath the hospitable shelter of the dervish's cave. The old hermit contemplated passing that day in prayer, and Selim expected on his return to find him engaged in his devotions at the mouth of the cavern, or beside the streamlet. What, then, was his surprise, just as he passed the gorge which opened on the vale, to hear the noise of struggling and the sound of imprecations, mingled with the voice of the hermit, apparently in supplication. The prince darted quickly down the sloping path, and entering the valley beheld a scene of horror.

Two men, in rough garments, were dragging the dervish from his cave, whilst the body of another man, covered with blood, lay close beside the little brook. The hermit struggled wildly, and murmured his prayers, whilst the ruffians cursed him and beat him with their swords.

Selim was armed with the sword he had won in the defence of Guzan, and which, with a few jewels, was all that he had preserved from the wreck of either kingdom or ship. The blade was dented with the blows of the last struggle which he had made, but it was still a noble weapon in the hand of a gallant man. The young monarch drew it from its sheath, and commanding himself to the protection of Heaven, rushed upon the villains who were assaulting the dervish. A fierce blow made at the foremost, who had turned quickly to defend himself, struck the weapon which he held to the ground, at the same time severing a finger from the ruffian's right hand. Selim then rushed at the other, who had released his hold of the hermit, and would have assuredly cloven him in sunder had not the man sprang aside and avoided the blow. In so doing, his face became exposed in the rays of the declining sun, and what was the astonishment of the prince to behold the features of his brother Nadab!

The sword of Selim almost fell from his grasp at this recognition, but he recovered himself immediately, and stood firm as a rock before the trembling hermit, who had fallen to the ground. Nadab, on his part, seemed to gaze with mortal fear; his face grew pale, and shrinking from the angry eyes of Selim, he sprang away, and darted down the rocky pathway that descended from the cavern. His comrade, who had been disarmed and wounded, fell also, in the track of the felon prince, leaving the young king of Guzan master of the field.

Selim's first care was to attend to the fainting dervish, who was bleeding from a deep wound which he had received upon the head. The old man's pulse was low, and his breath short, while his eyes appeared glazed and filmy.

"My kind friend, are you much hurt? Shall I assist you to the cave?" cried the prince, in agitation, as he took the hermit's hand.

"Nay, my son. I can as well die here, in the pure air, and with the sun's light on my countenance!"

"Speak not of dying, father! Your hurt, Heaven grant, is not dangerous! Let me as once apply some healing herb."

"My son, I feel that I am dying. It is time! Those unhappy men have slain one who never injured mortal!"

"O, my friend, how did this dreadful thing occur? Why should you be attacked, my good father?"

"Alas, son! I sought to save the life of yonder wretched victim, who was falling beneath the blows of the other two, when, disturbed in my devotions, I rushed from the cavern, and beheld the conflict."

"And they turned upon you, my friend?"

"It was too late to succor him whom they were assailing, for he had already received a fatal

wound. I reached the spot only in time to hear his last fearful words: "Brother, I curse you!"

"Brother!" cried Selim, a sudden suspicion flashing through his brain. Then leaving the hermit's side, he ran quickly to the rivulet side, where lay the body of the murdered man. He raised the cold form in his arms, turning the face toward the western sky.

"Just Allah—it is Osmyn!"

A deadly faintness came over the young prince's heart; he gasped for breath, and buried his face in his hands. Then mastering his emotions with a great effort, he returned to the hermit.

"Pray for me! I am going!"

These words were uttered feebly by the old man, as Selim knelt once more at his side, and raised his drooping head. The bearded wretch had gathered upon his brow, and his hands were cold and clammy. The prince saw that all mortal assistance would be of no avail, for Azrael awaited the departing spirit of the dervish.

Then in that lonely valley, with the last beams of day glimmering through the leaves above, Selim poured forth his prayer for the dying man, who had been the preserver of his own life. And when the ancient hermit's eyes closed gently on the world, and his limbs grew straight in death, the princely Guzan prayed likewise for another who lay dead in that dim valley—for Osmyn, the brother who had been his foe in life.

CHAPTER XII.

THE KING OF XANDA.

It may be fancied that the prince of Guzan did not pass a very quiet night, after the incidents which had occurred—the recognition of his brother Nadab, the death of his old friend the dervish, and the discovery of his brother Osmyn's body, were events well calculated to banish repose from his mind. A thousand disordered thoughts oppressed him; the strangeness of the two princes being present like himself in Yashnor, when he had left them only a few months since apparently in full possession of the conquered island of Guzan; the fearful knowledge he had obtained that one brother had fallen by the other's hand; and lastly, the uncertainty which seemed to surround his own life, bringing misfortune continually upon his path—all these reflections effectually prevented sleep from visiting his wearied senses; and at the earliest dawn he started from his pallet, and sought the open air, with the intention of offering his morning prayers in presence of the dead who lay before the cave.

His devotions concluded, Selim contemplated the silent forms of those who the day previous had been active with life.

"O Allah!" he cried, "how insecure are all thy ways! My brother Osmyn triumphed in my defeat, and here he lies slain by him with whom he conspired my overthrow, whilst I have been preserved from every form of death."

Then, as he turned toward the dervish, with the tears rushing to his eyes, the young prince exclaimed:

"And you, kind preserver of my life—alas! how gladly would I have given it back that you might be preserved to usefulness! But it was not thus to be; and now I am left to me to perform the last offices for the dervish who loved—the brother who hated me."

Saying this, Selim brought from the cave a mattock, which the poor hermit had often used in the simple husbandry which had helped to supply his few material wants, and prepared to hollow out a grave not far from the little streamlet, which glistened still as clear and silently as if no deed of violence had disturbed the quiet of the scene around. But the prince had scarcely struck the rude implement into the soil, when he heard a sudden noise behind him, and the next instant found himself in the grasp of a dozen soldiers, headed by an officer with a drawn sword.

"Bind him, and bring him quietly away, if he attempts not to resist."

"Who does this outrage? What ruffians are ye?" demanded the prince of Guzan, struggling to free himself.

"We are no ruffians, but officers of the law," answered the man with the sword.

"(If what do you accuse me?" cried Selim.

"Let your victims answer, wretched man!" replied the officer, pointing with his weapon at the bodies upon the ground. Then, motioning to his followers, he directed them to secure the prince safely, and in a few moments the latter found himself pinioned and gagged, and carried a prisoner from the quiet valley.

And while he is borne to the city of Yashnor, there to be judged by the inflexible governor, we will ask the reader's company back to the island of Guzan, in order to learn the cause of Osmyn and Nadab having reached the island on which Selim had been shipwrecked.

The daring escape of the prince of Guzan in his enemy's ship, though it filled the king of Xanda with intense rage, did not prevent him, of course, from pursuing his advantage over the invaders. In fact, after the flight of Selim, the invaders found little to oppose their progress, and that very night the victorious monarch reposed in the royal palace of the capital.

Osmyn and Nadab, whose treachery had been the means of changing the fortunes of the day, set no limits to their arrogance when they found the island securely, as they deemed, in their possession. Organizing a sort of council, military and body-guard, out of the traitors with whom they had tampered for the overthrow of their country, the two princes gave full rein to all the promptings of revenge or hatred. Singling out, in the first place, every citizen who had distinguished himself in the defence of the island, and likewise those who, on the occasion of the trial at archery, appeared to favor their younger brother, these wicked men began to perpetrate outrages upon all classes of the people. Venerable councillors, nobles of the former court, and grave citizens were dragged from the bosoms of their families, and after being condemned by corrupt judges, creatures of the two princes, were hurried away to instant execution.

Property was confiscated, families outlawed and exiled, and a reign of terror commenced, which threatened to plunge Guzan into greater trouble than ever.

The king of Xanda, intent only on plundering the coffers of the conquered kingdom, did not at first give much heed to the course of the two princes; but so soon as he perceived that their crimes were so flagrant that the people were nearly excited to rebellion, he interposed his power at once, and ordered Osmyn and Nadab to discontinue their excesses.

"And why shall we do so?" demanded Osmyn, insolently. "Guzan is our sovereignty, and we are but punishing the rebels who disputed our rights."

"Whether Guzan be your sovereignty or not," answered the king of Xanda, "it is very evident that I conquered it, and that it is now under my authority."

"We are willing to allow you a share in the government," said Osmyn, "or to pay all the expenses of the war, and account to you liberally for your assistance."

"As for the expenses," answered the old king, "I shall take care that the country pays that, and for a share in the government, I need not stipulate, since I intend to govern alone!"

"Alone!" echoed both the princes.

"Will your majesty explain your meaning?" asked Nadab.

"I do not understand such language," cried Osmyn.

"I shall make myself well understood shortly," said the king of Xanda. "The plain truth of the matter is, that I have conquered this island, and intend to keep it. It has long been an eyecore to me, and occasioned me much trouble. Now that I am in possession, I do not mean to give up my rights to any nonsensical claims which may be urged on your part, my dear princes."

"But this is unjust—you do not keep faith with us!"

"I keep quite as good faith as my neighbors," replied the monarch; "and if your consciences, my good princes, do not trouble you, be so kind as to let mine alone. Treachery admitted me to Guzan, and one traitor is more than equal to two, in this case."

The baffled princes looked at one another in dismay, while the king of Xanda turned leisurely away, saying:

"Anything I can do to advance your fortunes, my young friends, will be cheerfully performed. There are posts in the army—or navy."

Saying this, the monarch left them to their reflections.

Osmyn and Nadab stormed and swore, but to no purpose. The king of Xanda had them committed in his power, for Xandian officers commanded all the posts, and Xandian soldiers garrisoned the city. Besides, the treachery and subsequent cruelties of the two princes had embittered most of the native population against them, and, in truth, they possessed no friends in their own land, save the wretches who had been their instruments or dupes. In this state of affairs, they were only quarrel with one another in regard to the past.

"Had it not been for you, Osmyn, we need not have broken with Selim," said Nadab.

"Your violence ruined all my plans."

"And what is your cunning worth against the power of this Xandian?" cried Osmyn, angrily.

"Had I been left to myself, I would have made him give me the command of the army. I could then have defeated him."

"He would never have trusted to it you," retorted Nadab. "No! The course I first advised was the true one. Had we tampered with Selim, his good nature would have very soon put him in our power. You might have had command of the port of Guzan, while I could have managed the council, till an opportunity offered to rid ourselves of the boy. But you—your spoiled all with your hot-headedness," he added, in anger.

"Have a care, Nadab, or my hot head may burn your cool one!" cried Osmyn, in a threatening tone.

"I doubt not you would be rid of me," muttered Nadab; "but we shall see!"

Thus these wretched brothers continued to quarrel with one another, losing day by day their goodwill, both with the king of Xanda and the few of their countrymen who continued to follow them. But they abated neither their pretensions nor their insolence, and to such an extent did they carry the latter, that the despotic monarch of Xanda resolved at length to bear with them no longer. Without any preliminaries they were one morning summoned to the royal presence.

"Princes, I am tired of you both!" said the old king. "I therefore give you the choice—to leave the island of Guzan at once, or to be imprisoned forthwith. If you go, you shall have a ship fitted out, and all attendance, and means suited to your condition. If you stay, you will need neither ship nor attendants. Choose!"

Osmyn and Nadab were quite taken aback, but they dared not murmur, and could not resist. Consequently, in less than three months from the capture of Guzan by the Xandians, the two princes, who had brought the invasion upon their country, were exiled from it forever, and condemned to wander in foreign climes.

However, as they were furnished with a stout ship, and permitted to take all their personal treasures, and as many brave spirits were found who were quite willing to follow them in any adventure, the desperate princes conspired themselves with the hope of being able to pursue some scheme of plunder which would enable them to acquire wealth and strength in the future. The life of a pirate was just suited to Osmyn's temperament, and Nadab was full to the brim of the same. They were therefore as unscrupulous as his brother regarding what might be their career, no long as it might lead to power. In this view of the case, the princes pretended to be very grateful to the old king of Xanda, and accepting his offer, they gathered together a band of reckless followers, collected their treasures, and bade adieu to their native land, without any one regretting their sudden departure.

Having thus related the events which led to the appearance of Osmyn and Nadab at the island of Yashnor, which was one of the first places at which their ship touched, after leaving Guzan, we will now, gentle reader, return to our unfortunate Prince Selim, whom we left in the hands of strange officers, and, though totally innocent, accused of a terrible crime.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

(Written for The Flag of our Union.)

HOPE ON.

BY MISS E. R. BENDISSE.

There are some mortals in this world of ours
That find no rest but each one of their own;
They see no beauty in the fairest flowers,
And every cloud portends a fearful storm.

True, there are hours of rapture with transient woes,
The stoutest heart will sink and faint a while;
But there's a faint who lives in waters cold,
Free, pure and full, for every sorrowing child.

There is no path in life, however drear,
Void of all hope—life hath its joy and care;
Full oft I know a smile foretells a tear,
This earthly home will be thy home of rest.

There is a spirit-joy that cannot fade,
A joy that makes this life seem doubly blest;
Nearer, hope on, hope on, through weal and woe,
And heaven at last will be thy home of rest.

(Written for The Flag of our Union.)

THE TWO LOVES.

BY CAROLINE E. HOWE.

"FATHER, I thank thee!" It was all she said—and it said all.

How pale she looked as she knelt there with uplifted hands! If she had been thought lovely one year ago in the festive hall, when her graceful form was swaying to the undulations of the rich music, how much lovelier looked she now in the simple robe of white, half-binding and half-revealing the slight figure it enveloped. A lamp stood beside her on the dressing-table, and its rays fell upon the snowy pillow and counterpane, and were reflected back upon her brow, but it was not this that "covered her with light as with a garment." The inward life had found an outlet, and Helen Brooks was not the Helen Brooks of last year's memory.

And what had wrought the change? Loss had been busy in the home circle, deaths had been sustained, friends had become estranged, and disease had laid its remorseless hand upon her mother's slender frame. The waves of misfortune swept away joy after joy, and left her with only gloom and darkness around her in her solitude. She had folded her weak hands across Ada's bosom, and was sisterless. She had laid back the dark locks from a manly brow, cold as death masks cold, and was fatherless. She had been crushed by the first sudden blow, and when the second came, she prayed that she might die, but a mother's sad face pleaded with her, and she served herself anew for that mother's sake, and never more of herself to seek.

She had the duties required of her. Many who had been friends in her prosperity and joy, forgot her in her lonely hours, or found in the society of new friends a substitute for hers, until she seemed literally to stand alone and apart from the world. Alas for the heart that is compelled in youth to measure the friendship of the world! But in those hours of darkness and of conflict, she learned to know most of herself, and to look forth in a clearer light upon the objects around her. She saw how perishable were the riches she had been seeking, and lifting her eyes heavenward, as earthly joys were fading, she heard there a light unquenchable—a hope undying, and the prayer rose day after day from her white lips, "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than all."

With every new conflict came new power to act and endure, until the mind seemed to lift the body into healthy life again. She was surprised at herself and her own capabilities—at the endurance she had not been aware of possessing, as well as at the indomitable courage that rose stronger at every effort misfortune put forth to crush it.

She still heaved sighs, and she felt that there was one she loved from childhood, one who had been as a brother to her, but to whom her heart had yielded a warmer sentiment than a sister's affection. He had been absent from her side many months, but his letters told her that she was kindly remembered, and on this staff of his affection had she leaned, half unconsciously, through all the weary days of her trial. There was scarce an hour in which she thought not of that silent parting—that fervent pressure of the hand—that long look of the dear lips upon her brow—and the long sad look that turned to meet hers, as Louis Graves passed through the gate in the gloom of twilight. The stars came out one by one and looked sadly down upon her, as she stood there in the silence, and she almost felt as if it would never be light again; but then came the memory of that parting, and she felt as by a sudden instinct that she was beloved—and what more could she ask of Heaven than this? She thought not of change. Love questions not the future. It lives but in the present moment. She had not been insensible to the tender yet unconscious gaze of those dear eyes, though she veiled her own beneath their white lids when they looked upon her too long, or too earnestly. Silence is oftentimes the best interpreter of true love.

But now his letters had grown cold and infrequent, and the hope that she scarcely acknowledged to herself, but which had in reality sustained her more than all else during her troubles, was to depart also. Where now would she look for light or for strength? Yet sickly and feeble as it is, human hope had not died altogether, and out, and for many weeks she lingered in that fearful state of suspense, whose end seems life or death. But while the certainty had not yet come that she was forgotten, she clung to this one slight thread as if it were a chain reaching down from heaven.

But the truth came at last. Few proofs had Helen received of Mary Graham's friendship, but she could not doubt her word, or the kindness of motives that prompted her few intimations, which served as a clue to the whole. It had been said that Mary herself once saw the flowers of love wither and die that had blossomed in her pathway; and it might have been so, for she seldom mingled in society, and seemed every day to grow more reserved and silent. But few could understand her, and little did Helen Brooks know how well she had remembered the few acts of courtesy extended to her aged mother years before in a stage-coach, and which had bound her in gratitude forever. We seldom think how much of kindness there may be hidden beneath a reserved exterior.

Mrs. Barton, a lady who had been strongest in her professions of regard to Helen in more prosperous days, and who had been first also to forsake her when misfortune assailed her, was a relative of Louis Graves, and had just returned from a visit at L—, the town where he was of late residing. While there, she had so misrepresented Helen's character, her conduct, and her motives, and the falsehoods were made so plausible, strengthened by the confidence he had in Mrs. Barton's integrity, that doubt—that foe to love—had risen up there like a giant in his memory, and crushed down the blossoms that else had made a spring-time in the garden of Helen's heart.

Miss Graham had only spoken of this, that Helen might be led to impute the change in him to Mrs. Barton's influence, and not to his own pride or fickleness, as would naturally have been the result of her own thoughts at this time.

Alas, how he mourned. He had thought her to be all that was true and lovable, and he had looked forward to the hour when he might see her beside his own hearthstone perhaps, and making an Eden for her in some quiet home. He had read her heart aright, for she had made no effort at concealment. And why should she? If it were pure enough for God and the angels to look into, why not for him?

He had only waited to become permanently settled in business, that he might claim the love that was more than life to him, and now that he had learned—too truly as he feared—that she was unworthy of his regard, he resolved never to trust again. If Helen Brooks was not what she seemed, where could he look for truth. Yet severe as it was for him, it was more severe for her, when she at length realized all her position. Louis Graves had questioned not only her motives and her conduct, but her very integrity. It was impossible to explain. Indeed, he had never professed other than common friendship, and he asked no explanation, and desired none probably. She felt the full injustice of his decision, yet blamed herself for having overrated his kindness, and arguing therefrom a warmer attachment than friendship or brotherly affection.

Alas, what pang is there to be compared with the pain of being thought unworthy, by one whom we have enthroned in our hearts as king and ruler, as life and strength and happiness.

Helen sank beneath this stroke. As her heart sickened at its withered hopes, her steps faltered, and she was forced to seek aid from physicians were consulted in vain. The whole career of her mother developed now upon a nurse, and the hand whose touch was so soft—the voice whose tones were dearest—the eyes whose light was most cheering—were felt, and heard, and seen, but seldom by that pale sufferer.

One evening as she was struggling alone, busy as usual with her thoughts of gloom, a folded newspaper attracted her attention, which some one had evidently dropped by accident. She opened it mechanically, and the first thing she noticed, was that beautiful sonnet by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, entitled, "Consolation." She read it calmly and folded the paper again, but the words haunted her for many hours.

"Daughter I am,
Can I suffice for heaven, and not for earth?"

was sounding in her ears continually. The impression it made was not to be measured by that night. It led permanently to a new train of thought and feeling. Who shall call it accident that laid that paper before her? Not a leaf of it was wasted, but it was the last of it.

Helen had too much native strength of character to be content to die for one who had been so unjust to her in taking his impressions from another. She wept no more, but she was thin and silent, and her white, unsmiling lips gave forth an impress of her sorrows, more clearly than words could have done. She clung no more to life. The bitterness of death was past, for what was the mere struggles of the body when the links are already torn apart that bound the soul to the earth? Yet although she looked forward to the grave with calmness, she knew not but she had many years' work to do before she lay down in its calm repose, and she resolved to do that work well. If our afflictions are wisely received and rightly used, they become as mountains of strength to us in the end, by which we stand firm and design in the falling of the world. Helen, every grief had a consoling influence, opening clearer to her view the mighty power of a Father's love, and this last great bereavement, this withdrawing of the earthly arm, had brought her to fling herself upon the bosom of her God.

She had sometimes doubted the love that was often revealed to her in storms than in sunshine, but now she knew it was true. It is a true tribute of grief, that it awakens faith in the Christian bosom which grows deeper and deeper as the spirit is compelled to look for its all of light—upward! What a settled calm there was on Helen's brow, as she knelt at her bedside on this night in which we first saw her. The crowning glory had been given by her. She had as it were laid her last, had sounded her soul to its depths. Her property, wealth and homage had failed to inspire her. The true life had not been opened to her in her false atmosphere. She had walked amid the summer flowers, and lived but in their brightness. But they faded as flowers will fade, and the autumnal winds sweep-

ing through her soul, told a mournful tale of blight, and the winter snows had fallen chilly upon the graves in the churchyard, and the darker grave in her own heart, where memories lay buried, yet living and struggling forever!

But summer was on the earth again, and Nature had found elements of growth in the storm, as well as the sunshine. Helen accepted its teachings. It was her triumph hour! She lifted her brow to heaven, and said solemnly, "God, I thank thee!" It was all her prayer—it said all.

When the soul has helped to work out its purposes until it feels the labor a delight—when it can thank God for its sufferings even, then is it drawn near to him indeed!

There was rejoicing in heaven that hour! Little did she think—that slight girl—that the angels were waving their white wings above her, as they rose with that low prayer to the throne. "One more spirit is added to us," they sang in tones of thanksgiving. "The veil of flesh is around her, but we looked upon her spirit and saw that it is whitening for heaven."

There were tears on her pillow that night. She did not strive tumultuously to stay them, but wept calmly and naturally, and there was no murmuring or doubt in her heart. She could not put away the clear fact from her memory—she could not quench the light of that blessed smile, or shut out the music of a tone heard far above the wall of sorrow, but she could bend down submissively, and weep unseeing over her dead hopes, as the Man of Sorrows wept at the grave of Lazarus.

Yet as night advanced, there was a strange vision of Louis Graves, and of a nightingale that reached gently from heaven, and sang to her, with her two great eyes mingling dreamlike into one, she slept!

At the first gleaming of day she woke suddenly with that keen sense of suffering that is realized more deeply than at any other time. She could scarcely find strength to rise, but she knew that this was the turning-point in her destiny—hour in which she must sink utterly, or gain new power from the conflict, and she smoothed the hair from her brow, and lifting her hands for one moment upward, went calmly forth into the sunshine.

How beautiful looked all Nature that cloudless morning! The dew was on the roses, the birds were carolling among the branches, and the long grasses glistened on the hillside. The air was delicious, and she seemed to grow joyous again under the loving sky. There was a little brook—her favorite resort, a short distance away in the green valley, and toward this she turned her steps. And now she stood on the rude bridge that had been thrown across it, and looked down into the bright waters below, leaping and laughing over the great white rocks, or gliding softly over the yellow sand, until her heart came to sing in unison on that glorious morning.

She was thinking of Louis Graves—the hours they had roamed together in childhood over these same rocks, when the waters were low, and of the later meetings there, when they looked admiringly across the smooth hills and talked of the beauties of the landscape, or bent down silently over the singing waters, listening the while to the sweeter music of their own hearts.

A step was beside her but she heard it not—a low, searching glance was fixed upon her pale face, from eyes that even then were haunting her dreams, yet she felt it not. Her hand was grasped, softly, yet firmly, and she turned. Louis Graves stood beside her.

Neither spoke, but each half-questioning, half-ender look told more than words. He drew her to his bosom. He laid his hand upon her head. "Poor Helen, poor Helen!" he said many times with quivering lips; he smoothed the hair from her pale forehead, and she wept there in his arms.

No other words were spoken, but I dare say the vision, passing out from amid the grasses, "saw a tale told without words."

Ah, there was a kind heart, Mary Graham, although the icy robes of reserve were wrapt so closely around it that few could penetrate so far as to feel its warmth. There was a kind heart, else had these two been tossing for years perhaps, on the sea of disappointment. The shadows be soft on thy grave, Mary! Heaven is all love.

"My God, I thank thee!" prayed Helen Brooks that night also, with the tide of joy swelling even higher in her young heart, than the grief waves had done—and in a year afterward, Louis Graves blended his prayer with hers beside their own hearthstone. But it was not for the present joy alone they gave thanks. It was for the past suffering, that had prepared the way for a truer happiness than souls untried could know.

THE BABES OF EGYPT.

W. M. Bryant, in writing from Egypt, says:—Among them were women in blue cotton gowns, bare-footed, with infants perched on their shoulders. This is the way in which the Arab mothers carry their children. As soon as the little creatures get the customary use of their limbs, they are transferred to the country, bare-footed, and have even instances of this custom which would supply striking subjects for the pencil. At old Cairo one day, a "Coptic woman in blue cotton gown, bare-footed, her face unveiled, with symmetrical features, silent and sad looking, opened to us the door of the old woman's hut, in which is the little grout where the holy virgin with her child is said to have eluded the pursuit of Herod. On the woman's dark eyes, but no tears, were seen. It is a heart with well-turned brown cheeks and long, dark eye-lashes, is held bowed upon hers, and one little hand pressed against her forehead, while the other arm passed around the back of the neck. The Egyptian mothers treat their children with great tenderness, and though I have heard of them crying. The expression of quiet resignation in their faces is often quite touching. Egypt, under the rule of the British, may well learn patience early."

It is an extraordinary attainment, and shows a well-composed mind, for a man to love keeping company with himself; and as virtue, as well as an advantage, to take satisfaction and content in that enjoyment.—Charron.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THINK OF ME.

BY FRANK WILCOX.

At morning, when the cooling breeze
Comes gently sighing through the trees,
And soft bright rays
Gleam through the haze,
That, risen from the gurgling hills,
Thence with blue the distant hills—

Think of me.

At noon, when soft winds come to sleep,
And silence o'er the earth to creep;
And not a sound
Is heard around—

Save chirping insects in the grass,
Which spring delighted as you pass—
Think of me.

At evening, when the moon shall rise,
And all about, sweet melodies,
Loosely pealing,
Softly stealing,
Lightly floating on the air,
Murmur, "Love is everywhere."—
Think of me.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE
MILLER OF NOTTINGHAM.
A TALE OF SHERWOOD FOREST.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

A FEW miles to the west of Sherwood forest, famous as the rendezvous of Robin Hood and his merry though lawless foresters, there lived, long since, a man advanced in years, named Ralph Uddike. He was a tight, hard-fisted man; and, as some thought, was hurried by his avaricious propensities beyond the strict limits of justice and honesty.

He lived by himself in a small house, in the most sparing manner. He would have no one about him, for, as is very common in such cases, he judged of every one by himself, and would repose confidence in nobody.

One night, as he sat on the settle, which ran along one side of the fireplace, he was startled by a knock at the door. Thinking it might be the wind, he listened once more, but above the din of the blast came a distinct knock.

Instantly the thought that it might be thieves suggested itself to the apprehensive mind of Ralph, and it was with a voice quivering with fear that he called:

"Who's there?"

"It is I, uncle,"

"You? Who is it that calls me uncle?" pursued Ralph, somewhat reassured.

"It is Alfred Waterman, your sister's son. Let me in, uncle Ralph, for I am quite wet from the rain."

The bolts were drawn, and a young man, tall and well-formed, passed the threshold.

"Well," said the old man after a pause, "what brings you here?"

"It is so strange, then, that a nephew should visit his uncle, as to require particular motive?"

"You will not find the visit a pleasant one. It was the abrupt reply. "You see how I live. It is in the most frugal manner. I have no dainties to gratify the appetites of visitors—no entertainment to offer them—no conversation with which to regale them. If, then, you have come to visit me, I would not counsel you to stay long. But I doubt not you have some other object in view."

"You are right there, Uncle Ralph," said the young man, whom a casual glance satisfied that his uncle had not exaggerated the little pleasure which a visit to such an unpromising place would be likely to afford. "You are right. I did not come to visit you merely, and I have an other object in view."

"Well?"

"Uncle Ralph," said Alfred, "they say you are a rich man."

"A rich man?" echoed Ralph, a little nervously. "Tell the first beggar you meet in the street that he is a rich man, and you will be as near the truth. Does this look as if I was a rich man?"

Ralph pointed to the rough, unpainted floor, the scanty pallet, the unpurged walls.

"There is such a thing," said Alfred, "as possessing without enjoying. One may have money in abundance and not choose to spend it."

"Well, well, say that I have all the money in the world, if you list," said the old man impatiently, "and I will give it to you. I wish indeed that it would make it so."

"Uncle," said Alfred, not heeding this disclaimer, "you know that my mother is but poor, and that since my father's death she has had to struggle hard to support us all. Ever since I have had the strength I have labored hard for my master, a Miller of Nottingham, into whose service I entered some five years since."

"What is that to me?"

"Listen, and I will tell you. During that time I have acquired sufficient skill to take charge of the business myself. My master has just died, and the mill will have to be sold for the benefit of his wife and children. Being, as I said, competent to take charge of it, if I had two hundred pounds to my disposal, I could purchase it, and find myself at once in a thriving business. But I have not the money."

"Then you can't buy it. But why do you trouble me with this long account?"

"Because, uncle, though I have not the money, I could borrow it, and after a while repay it from the profits of my business. For this purpose I have come to you, and I trust the claims of relationship will not be without effect in obtaining from you the favor."

"A thousand dollars!" ejaculated the old man.

"Mark me, uncle, I don't ask it as a gift, only as a loan. I don't even expect it without interest, for I am willing to pay you punctually both interest and principal, as ere long I should be able to do. So you see it would be a good investment for you, without any probability of danger, since you would have a hold upon the mill. Thus, besides the advantage to yourself, you would have the satisfaction of helping on your sister's son."

While Alfred was speaking, his uncle moved about uneasily in his chair, hardly restraining his impatience, till he could finish what he had to say.

"In the boy mad?" he burst forth. "Expect me to lend him two hundred pounds. Have I not already told you that I am poor—poor as a church mouse—poor as the poorest beggar you can meet—and you ask me for the loan of two hundred pounds?"

"Uncle Ralph," said the young man, pointedly, "you cannot expect me to believe lies. Twenty years ago, when my grandfather died, and the distribution of the property was left in your hands, five hundred pounds fell to my mother's share. God forgive me if I am wrong in believing that this was less than she should have received, and the balance went into your hands. My father was unfortunate, and what little was left has been expended by my mother on her family. But for you, you have always lived frugally—you have never incurred any hazard, and yet you would have me believe that you have no longer any money."

"Insolent boy," said the old man, stung to madness by insinuations which he could not hide from himself were true, "insolent boy, I am but a poor man, but if I were ten, say a hundred times as rich as you represent, I would not, to save my soul, lend you a penny, though you should starve for the want of it."

"Old man—uncle I will not call you," said Alfred, roused to indignation by the malignancy and unfeeling selfishness of his companion, "you will one day repent of your conduct, and may find it necessary to ask at the hands of another a greater favor than that which I have but now craved at your hands. When that time comes, think of this hour."

"Do you threaten me? Would you rob me?" almost screamed the wrathful old man. "Begone from my house. I will not harbor you. I will have no thieves in my house."

"You have only anticipated me," said the young man, proudly. "Think you, I would remain in your house one moment after such a repulse? No, better the rain and pelting storm, than such a shelter."

He strode out of the house, too much occupied with his bitter meditations to heed the driving rain. Ralph Uddike nervously bolted the door after him, ejaculating:

"Thank Heaven! he is gone. Not a penny of mine shall the graceless boy ever have with my consent."

Alfred Waterman passed the night in an unoccupied out-house at some distance from his uncle's house, and when the morning sun began to gild the horizon with rays, commenced his journey homeward. His step was not as elastic and light as usual, for his heart was filled with despondency on account of the lack of success which he had met.

Reflecting himself that his shortest way would be through Sherwood forest, he turned aside from the main road, and crossed a field which brought him to its entrance.

As he was walking slowly along with downcast eyes, he was suddenly aroused from his reverie by a voice calling to him in a hearty tone:

"Why so melancholy, man? One would think you were just returning from the funeral of your best friend."

Looking around, the miller perceived, standing in a little distance, a person of middle size, clad in a buff jerkin, whose sunburnt face betokened a life mostly spent in the open air.

"Perhaps," said Alfred, after a slight glance at the forester, "I may have as much reason to be sad as I had really lost a friend."

"Marry, then," said the forester, "take my advice and put a cheerful face on your trouble. It's the best way to drive it off. Care killed a cat," says the proverb, but I don't remember ever hearing that it did the least good."

"It is very hard to talk," said Alfred, shaking his head, "but to bear a heavy disappointment is not so easy a matter."

"Why not tell me the cause of your despondency? Who knows but that I may be a conjurer, and with one stroke of my wand, can scatter it to the four corners of the earth."

"You would indeed be a conjurer in that case. But if it won't do any good to tell you for what reason I am sad, at least it will do no harm. Listen, I am, and you shall hear. You must know that my employer, a miller of Nottingham, has just died, and that his mill is for sale. If I had two hundred pounds, which I am not likely to get, I could purchase it, and with my acquaintance with the business, I should soon become rich. The sale takes place to-morrow, and I, having no money, shall be obliged to see it pass into the hands of another, and perhaps at the same time I shall be thrown out of employment."

"If you have not the money, why not borrow it?"

"So I had fully intended, and with this aim I yesterday sought an uncle of mine who dwells hard by, but he is a miserly old man, and so far from granting my request, he drove me out of his house to seek elsewhere a shelter from the storm."

"And served you right for your folly in preferring such a request. Don't you know, man, that a relation is the very last to grant a favor. Better go to a total stranger. He may grant your suit, a relation never."

"I believe you are more than half right," said the young miller, sighing heavily. "At least such is my experience. But there is little choice."

"Nay, don't look so woe-begone. How now you that I may not help you to what you seek?"

"You?"

Alfred looked up in surprise, and examined the smiling face of the forester with astonishment.

He wore upon a face marked by good-humor, an air of authority, such as is rarely met with except in those who are accustomed to command. About his waist was an ornamented girdle, from which depended a huge horn.

"I see," said the forester, conscious of the scrutiny, "that you are a little undecided what to think of me. If, moreover, you have confidence in me, I may yet do you a good turn."

Who is this uncle of yours who so scurvily denied your suit?"

"Ralph Uddike he is called. He dwells—" "Never mind. I know him and his house. He is a miser, if ever there was one. No wonder he refused you. But perhaps, I may have some means of persuading him that you know not of."

Alfred looked incredulous.

"Meanwhile, if you have no objections to a little agreeable company, I will summer hither some of my friends."

Without waiting for an answer, the forester raised the bugle to his lips, and blew a blast both loud and shrill.

Instantly, as if by enchantment, so difficult was it to discern whence and how they came, some three score men arrayed in Lincoln green made their appearance, and arranged themselves round their leader.

"Welcome, my merry men," was his salutation, "and on your allegiance I bid you welcome a youth whom I have invited to share our hospitality. He looks but a gamling now; but it shall be hard if we do not ere long drive away the gloom from his brow, and the grief from his heart."

What say you, my trusty Allan a Dale?"

"That will we," replied a stalwart forester, leaning upon his bow, "if there is aught of virtue in a good venison pasty and a generous glass of wine."

"Well said," quoth Robin Hood, for it was indeed the renowned chief. "Well said; and you, master miller, be not alarmed that you have fallen in with those whom the world calls outlaws, but who yet have a conscience in their dealings."

Alfred bowed low before the chief.

"Is this indeed the famous Robin Hood?" asked he.

"Faith," said the merry outlaw, "I believe you might make a worse mistake than to think so. However, you shall not leave Sherwood forest until you have received a taste of my hospitality. Well, knows, what have you there?"

He continued, turning to two of the band, who came forward, bearing between them a heavy basket.

"Worthy captain, a noble haunch of venison, and a pasty, better than which was never made."

"Spiced the repeat speedily, for I am hard set with hunger, and our worthy friend here looks as if a mouthful would not come amiss. Is it not so?"

"In good truth you are right. My uncle was so chary of his hospitality that I brought away a better appetite than I carried there."

"So shall you not say of your visit to Robin Hood."

There was a large level space between the two trees, the tops of which formed a complete shelter from the heat of the sun. Here the outlaws ranged themselves, and the viands were speedily placed before them.

At his right hand, Robin Hood placed the miller, while Little John, his lieutenant, in virtue of his office, occupied a seat on his other side.

The quality of the viands had not been too highly extolled. The miller thought he had rarely tasted a more delicious pasty or quaffed more generous wine.

For half an hour, the attack upon the banquet continued, but at length became more sluggish, and, finally even the most craving appetites were satisfied.

Robin Hood sat at this point, and said:

"My merry men, we have given our guest a specimen of our forest fare. He must not depart without knowing that we also cultivate in our midst a taste for more refined pleasures, in testimony of which, Will Wyburn will favor us with a song."

"Nay, captain," said Will "that is not fair. I have wearied myself in tracking a deer this morning, and besides, as you know, I am very deaf."

"A truce upon your halfheartedness," said Robin Hood, aware that it was only a pretext, "we will claim it all the more for that."

Finding that excuse was useless, Will of Wyburn, after a brief prelude, sang, in a rich, strong voice, the following ditty:

"You may talk as you will of pleasure,
Of rank and high degree,
But for me,
I'd rather be an outlaw bold,
And dwell 'neath the greenwood tree.
Tis he, tis he,
And dwell 'neath the greenwood tree."

"The town, it is smoky, and dark and dull,
And with its noise and din,
I'd rather be an outlaw bold,
And dwell 'neath the greenwood tree.
Tis he, tis he,
And dwell 'neath the greenwood tree."

"The soldier's life is a gallant life,
Gallant and fearless, and free,
But rather be an outlaw bold,
And dwell 'neath the greenwood tree.
Tis he, tis he,
And dwell 'neath the greenwood tree."

"Then counsels pour a blessing glass,
And gladly quaff with me,
A health to the life of an outlaw bold,
And dwell 'neath the greenwood tree.
Tis he, tis he,
A health to the life of an outlaw bold."

It need not be said that the toast proposed in the concluding verse of the song was drunk with enthusiasm, and a round of cheers rewarded the effort of the singer.

"Well done, Will of Wyburn," said the leader. "You have sung us a good song, and a merry one. This worthy miller shall follow you."

"In good faith, valiant chief," said Alfred, embarrassed, "I would oblige you if it were in my power, but my memory is treacherous, and I cannot now recall any words to which I might fit a tune."

"Then make them, man, make them as you go along."

"I pray you, may me excuse."

"There is no excuse."

Thus urged, the miller, after a moment's hesitation, sang as follows:

"When summer comes the leafy boughs,
And the birds sing sweetly,
A pleasant life it is to be,
And dwell 'neath the greenwood tree."

"On a cottage hearth the fragrant burn,
Burn brightly there for me,
And I'll raise by fire, enjoy in warmth,
Than dwell 'neath the greenwood tree."

"You may boast to me of an outlaw's life,
Beneath the greenwood tree,
But rather be an outlaw bold,
Than dwell 'neath the greenwood tree."

As might be supposed, this song was not so enthusiastically applauded as the other. Murmurs of dissatisfaction arose, but these Robin Hood quickly quelled.

"Our guest," said he, "is well entitled to his own opinion, and if he prefers a miller's life it shall not be for us to censure him. Come, my men, since he did us the grace to drink to an outlaw's life, we can do no less than quaff a health to all jolly millers, and our guest in particular."

The foresters were easily drawn to this view of the subject, and did full honor to the toast proposed by Robin Hood.

Just then a slight noise was heard in a covert hard by, and two foresters made their appearance, bearing between them, seemingly half-senseless with fear, the person of Ralph Uddike.

"Good Heaven!" said the miller, starting to his feet, "my uncle!"

"It is even so," said Robin Hood composedly. "I have summoned him to our woodland court to stand trial for the crying sin of ingratitude. Bring him hither."

The old man was brought before the outlaw. He gazed at the stalwart forms about him with an apprehensive air, which seemed almost ludicrous, and then into the face of the self-constituted judge, who, assuming a severe tone, thus addressed him:

"Ralph Uddike, we have been informed that upon the evening of yesterday, a young man, your sister's son, presented himself at your door, and that, instead of treating him with the hospitality which common courtesy requires of us, you exacted the most stranger, you drove him thence with violent abuse, and compelled him to seek a shelter from the storm wherever he might. How plead you, guilty or not guilty?"

"Who are you," said the old man, "and by what right do you drag me here, and question me thus?"

"I am Robin Hood, the lord of Sherwood, and as to my right to do as I have done, I believe no one here will think of questioning it. How is it, my merry men?"

"Long live our noble captain, valiant Robin Hood!" was the unanimous response.

"You see and hear. My authority, at least, will be pretty well sustained. Now to your defence. What have you to say? I have charged you truly!"

"I admit," said Ralph, reluctantly, "the young man came to my dwelling, and insisted to borrow a large sum of money, which, being a poor man, I was wholly unable to lend him. Not content with this answer, he insisted that I had the money many times over, and threatened my life if I did not accede to his request."

"Nay, uncle," said the miller, "there you do me most foul injustice. I did not threaten to kill him."

Ralph, who had until then been unaware of his nephew's proximity, started back in confusion, conscious of his falsehood.

"I see," said he, "that naught I can say will avail me here."

"Old man," said Robin Hood, sternly, "you have sought to beguile me by falsehood. Had your nephew gone so far as to threaten your life, he would not at your command have left your dwelling, since, if opposed to each other, less strength would be far outweigh yours. What further defence have you to offer?"

"None," said Ralph, doggedly.

"Then I must proceed to pass upon you the sentence of the court. For your breach of the laws of hospitality, I will exact from you a fine of two hundred pounds to be this day delivered."

"Two hundred pounds!" exclaimed Ralph in dismay. "I were fortunate if I had as many pence."

"Nay, this will not answer your turn. I know more than you think. Perhaps were I inclined I could lead the way to more than five times the sum. Beneath the gnarled trunk of an old beech tree—"

The old man's face grew fearfully pale.

"In faith, I have a mind to seize the whole, and not without cause, since you, according to your own confession, not being master of two hundred pence, cannot have any claim to a thousand pounds and more. Come, do you confess it is yours?"

"Yes," stammered Ralph, who, in a choice between two evils, thought this confession his most politic course.

"Nay, then that is settled," said Robin Hood, "I see that we shall come to an understanding before long. Now for the fine."

"Pardon me, good captain," said Ralph, imploringly. "This is punishment overmuch for a slight fault. Two hundred pounds! It would swallow the earnings of years."

"Perhaps you are right," said Robin Hood, reflecting a moment.

Ralph's face lighted up in anticipation of having his sentence lightened.

"Therefore I will give you a chance to go free, and of this you surely cannot complain. Are you skilled in archery?"

"Nay, not."

"Has it with you, jolly miller?"

"I scarce ever drew a bow, most noble captain."

"Then you are the better matched. Now for my proposition. You shall each be provided with a good bow and arrows, and he who in three trials comes nearest the target shall be deemed the victor. If this worthy gentleman, his fine shall be remitted altogether, if you, my gallant miller, the amount of the fine shall be placed in your hands to carry out the purpose you propose."

"Nay, but the trial is not a fair one," expostulated Ralph.

"And why not?"

"That in the event of his success I am bound to a forfeiture, while he goes scot free."

"The forfeiture is not for the want of success but for inhospitality. However, as you will be so, he shall, in the event of defeat, be de-

ed to a forfeiture—of the countenance and protection of his most gracious uncle."

This sally elicited loud laughter from the band who were gathered around.

The trial commenced. Neither being experienced archers, the first arrows fell far remote from the target. It so chanced, however, that the wind bore Ralph's third arrow to within a comparatively small distance of the center.

"A good shot, though," chanced directed it," quoth Robin Hood. "Millers, you must mend your aim, or you will lose your girders."

Thus exhorted, the miller called into requisition all the skill he possessed, though that was but scanty. However, he had learned something from his previous shots. Pointing his weapon carefully, he took aim. The arrow entered the target an inch nearer than that of his competitor.

"A miller forever!" shouted the foresters.

"A miller forever!"

The countenance, which had been exultant a moment before, suddenly fell, and in its spite he threw down his bow upon the ground.

"The fine is fairly exacted. Allan a Dale and Will of Tyburn, you may go to the spot you was of, dig up the box you will find there, and bring hither presently from thence two hundred pounds, no more or less, which being received, the prisoner, shall go free. And hark ye, restore the box to its former place, and carefully seal the earth over it, so that it shall not betray to other visitors what lies beneath."

This command was punctually complied with, and the uncle's ransom placed in the nephew's hands. With this in hand, he joyfully turned himself homeward, and purchased the mill of which he had been so desirous.

In the course of two years his uncle died, and there being no will, he fell heir to his possessions. It is needless to say that he cherished a strong feeling of gratitude towards the outlaw who had befriended him; and when, at length, Robin Hood died, and his grave was restored, the generous outlaw had no more sincere mourner than THE MILLER OF NOTTINGHAM.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

'TIS SWEET TO REMEMBER.

BY WILLIAM STREETEN, JR.

Alone in my chamber, in silence and darkness,
I sit and commune with my thoughts as they stray;
After o'er the tempest of life's heaving ocean,
To the spring-time of youth, when all nature was gay.

Ah, memory full oft to those scenes does restore me,
When in rapture I knew the gay morning of life;
And the friends that so kindly watched o'er me in youth;
Who guided me in the pathway of virtue,
And taught us the lessons of wisdom and truth.

Those loved ones that sleep 'neath the shade of the willow,
Are their names ever breathed? do we think of them yet?
O yes, and though years may still flow to their memory,
'Tis sweet to remember, I would not forget.

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CAPRICES OF FASHION.

A volume on this subject might be made, very curious and entertaining, for our ancestors were not less vacillating, and perhaps more capriciously grotesque, than we are. I instantly lose taste, than the present generation. Were I a philosopher and an artist, as well as an antiquary, to compose a book on the fashions of the arts and taste, would be the result. The origin of many fashions was in the endeavor to conceal some deformity of the inventor; hence the cushions, ruffs, hoops, and other monstrous devices.

Fashions were invented in England, in the reign of Edward IV., by a foreign lady, who thus ingeniously covered a wen on her neck.

When the Spaniards wrote, full-bottomed wigs were invented by a French barber, one Daville, whose name they assumed, for the purpose of concealing an elevation in the shoulder of the hair.

Charles VIII. introduced long coats to hide his ill-made legs.

Shoes with very long points, full two feet in length, were invented by Henry Plantagenet Duke of Anjou, to conceal a large excrescence on one of his feet.

Others, on the contrary, adopted fashions to set off their peculiar beauties—as Isabella of Bavaria, remarkable for her gallantry and the fairness of her complexion, introduced the fashion of leaving the shoulders and part of the neck uncovered.

Fashions sometimes originated in some temporary craze, as after the death of St. Patrick, where the allies were large cravats, by which the French frequently seized them—a circumstance perpetuated on the most ridiculous manner.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

UP THERE.

BY R. GRIFFIN STAPLES.

Impromptu suggested by the remark of my little girl, just twenty-three months old, who, when asked where her brother is, points heavenward, and replies, "up there!"

Up there! where the moon brightly gleams
And the stars keep their vigils of love;
Where float the gray clouds, and where beams
The sun in bright splendor above.

Up there! where the blue arch o'erhangs
Like a veil on the bow of a maid;
Sleeps our infant, where angels are sang,
And Christ Intercessors are made.

Up there! and we weep not that he
Has been thus early hence borne;
Sheds a lesson full freighted with good,
Has been in our bosoms thus sown.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MRS. MIXER'S AFFLICTIONS:

—AND—

HOW SHE GOT RID OF THEM.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

JOHN MIXER lived on a farm, whither he had moved on account of his wife's health. He was a young man, not far from thirty years of age, and had at one time been doing a very good business. His wife was a few years younger than himself, and she had brought to his business purse fifteen hundred dollars. They had lived in the city a few years after their marriage, but Mrs. Mixer's health seemed to be feeble, and some of her friends advised her to go into the country. So she told her husband that if he would have her live he must purchase a farm.

Mrs. Mixer was once Sarah Lee. When she bore that name she was the centre of quite a circle of attracted suitors. She was looked upon by the honest people of the thriving village as quite an heiress, with her fifteen hundred dollars at command. But John Mixer, a young surveyor, was the lucky one, and he carried off the prize. At this time Sarah was a most excellent girl. She was kind and generous, and capable of loving with her whole soul. Yet she had one fault. She was impulsive, and hasty in her conclusions, and sometimes she spoke without reflection.

Now when Mrs. Mixer asked her husband to buy a farm, she did not mean for him to be a regular farmer. The idea which had worked its way into her head was the fashionable, fancy idea of farming. After long and urgent solicitation, Mr. Mixer at length consented to purchase a farm. His wife said so much, and placed the subject of her health so startlingly before him, that he gave up, though much against his will. He knew that his wife was governed more by the advice of others than by her own judgment, and so he told her; but she at first resented the thing as an insinuation, and then she cried. This last resort was a silencer for the husband.

At the time our story opens, Mr. and Mrs. Mixer had been upon their farm two years. He bought an excellent place, large enough to make a good farm, and the land was of a first-rate quality. During the first year the young man had hired most of his work done, and he had picked up some odd jobs at surveying, and so on. But he found that this would not work. Nearly all the money he was worth he had paid for the farm, and he knew that if he would make a living from his land he must work for it, and work upon his land, too. So at it he went. He found the work hard at first, but yet pleasant and healthy. He worked early and late, and he had the satisfaction of seeing his crops progressing finely.

And yet Mrs. Mixer was not happy. His wife was sick nearly all the time, and she had almost ceased to grow sullen and morose. She had a stout girl to do her work for her, and she even hired her sewing done besides.

It was in mid-summer, when one afternoon Mr. Mixer sat in his barn. There were tears in his eyes, and his head was bowed. At length he looked towards his house, and he saw his wife sitting at a window.

"O, Sarah!" he murmured to himself, "how you have altered. You rule in my home, but it is no longer a home for me. You have driven out the last beam of peace, and unhappiness alone remains. Would to God I could please you."

He arose and approached the house. When he entered the room where his wife sat, she turned towards him, and spoke.

"John," she said, in a drawing tone, "I have just been writing a letter, and I want you to carry it to the post-office. I have written to my two sisters to come here and spend the rest of the season with us. I shall die if somebody don't come."

Mr. Mixer sank into a chair, and looked down upon the floor.

"Sarah," he said at length, "I should really like to have your sisters come and spend a short time with us, but it would not be right to have them remain long."

"And why not, pray?" asked the wife, elevating her eyebrows.

"Because we cannot afford it. You are not aware how the presence of two additional members in the family would draw upon my purse. Our family is already expensive, and you know how hard I work to keep along. Our hired girl costs me considerable, and then in other ways our living is expensive. In truth, Sarah, I find it hard to get along as it is."

"So my fifteen hundred dollars are gone, and now I must shut my doors against my own sisters because we are poor?"

This was spoken in a most bitter, sarcastic tone, and it cut the young man to the soul.

"Sarah," he replied, struggling hard to keep back his emotions, "you know that your fifteen hundred dollars have all been spent to support yourself."

"That's right—O, that's right," uttered the wife, in a sharp, mocking tone, "twit and fling

away. You seem to delight in telling me how expensive I am!"

Mr. Mixer dared trust himself no longer, and he arose and left the house. He returned to the barn and sat down, and again the tears came to his eyes, and again he murmured to himself. Suddenly there came a shadow upon the plank-floor, and when the young man raised his head, he saw a white-haired old man standing before him.

"What—is this you, John?" asked the newcomer.

"Yes," And as he spoke he arose and extended his trembling hand.

The old man sat down by the young man's side, and asked the meaning of what he had seen. It was sometime before John could speak, but at length he opened his heart, and his tale was told. Sarah was glad and happy when that old man entered the house, for he was her own father.

It was on the next day, and Mr. Mixer was in the field at work. Old Mr. Lee sat down upon the sofa, and called his daughter to his side.

"Sarah," he said, "you are not altogether happy. I have seen it in your looks and acts since I have been here. Now tell me the cause."

"Alas! father," replied the young wife, looking up, "you have guessed the truth. I am not happy. John is not kind to me."

"Ah! John not kind? I can hardly believe it. I thought he was all kindness. How is he unkind?"

"In every way. He is cross and sullen, and finds fault with me."

"John Mixer cross and sullen?" uttered the old man in deep surprise. "Impossible—it is not John's nature."

"But he is so. You could have seen this morning by his looks."

"I did see that he was not happy. But what was the matter?"

"Well," returned Sarah, with some hesitation, "when we got up this morning, I asked him if he would not remain at home to-day to keep my father company, and he refused to grant me even that."

"Ah—but how did he refuse?"

"Why, he said he had work that must be done."

"And what answer did you return, Sarah?"

"I don't remember now."

"But you should remember," returned the old man, regarding his child very seriously. "Now tell me what you said to him?"

Sarah looked up into her father's face, but she could not stand the look she met there. It seemed to search her to the soul, and her eyes dropped to the floor.

"Ah, my child," spoke the father, in a low, deep tone, "you cannot deceive me. I can see, and I know that the blame does not rest with John. Now if you love me, listen to me. If you respect the white hairs of your aged parent, give ear to what I say. You know that I love you, and that all in my power I would do for you. You never knew me to do a wicked deed, or to set a bad example to my children. Sarah, I am growing old, and of course a few short years, at the farthest, will see me gathered to the fold of the dead. But ere I die I would see you happy; and I know that your happiness lies in your own keeping. Now answer me truly. Tell me what you have done to help your husband."

"What I have done, father?"

"Yes."

"Why, did I not bring him fifteen hundred dollars to begin with?"

"Yes—you did. And will you tell me what has become of it?"

"My husband has spent it."

"Ay—but how? Has he not spent it all for you? Has he not supported you ever since you were married? But that is nothing. Fifteen hundred dollars, or fifteen thousand, are not enough to purchase domestic happiness. I mean what have you done to help him as a wife?"

"What have I done?" uttered Sarah, looking up.

"Yes. What do you do to make him happy, and to help him?"

A moment she looked into her father's face, and then she bowed her head. She knew her father's cool, calm judgment, and she had no answer to his question.

"Let me ask another question," continued the old man. "What is there in your husband's power to do for your good that he does not do to you?"

"He is not kind and pleasant," quickly returned Sarah, "and he does not sympathize with me in my afflictions."

"Your afflictions! and what are your afflictions, pray?"

"My—my trials—my misery, and my sickness."

"I see it all," said Mr. Lee, at the same time placing his arm about his daughter's neck, and drawing her towards him. "I see it all, and I am going to tell you the truth. You are not only making my own misery, but you are making misery for your husband, Sarah, you do. You know how that man loves you. Yesterday I found him in his barn weeping as though his heart would break. I found him bowed down with toil and care, and weeping with sorrow and grief. My child, you know not what you are doing. Send off that girl you have here, and do your own work. Be up with the sun, and snuff the fresh morning air. That will cure you of your sickness, and when once that is gone I believe you will find that man loves you."

For a long hour did the old man pour into the ear of his child those startling truths which she had so long shut out. He told her how she had worked to bring on her present afflictions, and he told her how she must work to get rid of them. After he had ceased speaking, she remained with her head upon his bosom, and wept. She saw the truth of what her father had said, and when she remembered how tenderly her husband loved her, and how really she loved him, the thought of her error made him weep. She saw it all. Her husband had often tried to tell her, but she was too proud to listen to him.

"I have been wrong," she murmured. "I

know I have been wrong, but I have been very miserable."

"I do not doubt it, my dear; but you have brought that misery upon yourself. Now, why can you not try to improve?"

"O, I will!"

"Then commence for your health to-morrow morning. Promise me that you will be up at sunrise."

"I'll try, but I fear I shall not succeed."

"O, I'll venture that, if you only try."

And there the matter rested.

At the supper-table, and in the evening, John Mixer felt a return of his old pride and joy, for his wife was kind and affectionate. She looked better than he had seen her for years.

"She stood!" he murmured to himself, as he thought he stood alone in the doorway, looking out upon the stars, "I fear this will not last long. When her father goes she will forget her joy. O, if she could only be as happy as this always! I could almost die to secure peace for her."

He heard a movement, and on turning he saw his wife.

"Come, John," she said, "come and beat father at a game of chess."

Mr. Mixer was sure his wife had not heard him; but he was wrong. He went and played chess with the old man, but he lost the game. His mind was not with the play.

On the next morning, Sarah did get up before the sun. No sooner had her husband left the bedroom, than she leaped up and dressed. She found her father in the kitchen, and the kiss and look he gave her more than paid for all the trouble she had been to. She went out into the garden, and for the moment she was surprised at the peculiar freshness and vigor of the atmosphere. It was full three hours earlier than she had been up before for more than five years.

"How do you feel, Sarah?" asked the old man, as they walked about the garden.

"O, well! How delightful this is."

"So it is, my child. It is the best part of the day. But now let's to business. It is yet three hours to your usual breakfast time. What will you busy yourself about?"

"I'm sure, I don't know."

"What is Kate up to?" asked the old man, alluding to the hired girl.

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"Well, I saw her with the churn a few moments ago, and I think she is going to make her butter. Do you know how?"

"Not wholly."

"Then come and learn."

So Sarah followed her father to the pantry, and there she found Kate just coming up from the cellar, with the cream-pot. The cream was poured into the churn, and the dasher adjusted ready for operation.

"Stop a moment, Kate," said Mr. Lee. And then turning to Sarah, said, "Come, now take hold."

"But I am not strong enough for that."

"Try it."

She did try it. She churned seventeen minutes, and the "butter had come."

"Now let me see you take it out and work it up," said the old man.

Sarah did not hesitate now. With Kate's help and instruction she got the butter all out from the butterkin, and worked it all over carefully and well, and then salted it. By this time her cheeks were aglow.

It yet wanted nearly two hours of breakfast time.

"What next?" said Sarah, with a bright smile.

"What do you mean to have for breakfast?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. What do you want, father?"

"I should like some good wheaten biscuit. Can't you make them?"

"O, yes; I guess I haven't forgotten how to cook yet."

"Then I guess you had better get breakfast."

"But what shall I do?" asked Kate.

"You might make the beds."

"But those ought to air some before they are made—hadn't they?"

"Yes, they had," said Sarah; and after another thought, she added, "I don't know what you may do."

"I'll tell you," interposed the old man. "Run out and pick some berries."

And so out Kate went, and after she had gone, Mr. Lee made his daughter confess that a girl would only be a plague if she herself did what she ought to do.

Sarah Mixer got breakfast with her own hands, and when it was all ready her husband was called from the field. He met her in the pump-room. He looked at her in surprise. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes were bright and sparkling, and there was a self-satisfied smile upon her lips. How different from the pale cheeks, and dim eyes, and parched lips he had seen in the days of his suffering.

"Why, Sarah!" he uttered, "I have not seen you look so well, and happy, and good for a long, long while."

"You are really gallant, and you shall be paid for your compliment." And speaking thus, she passed her arms about her husband's neck, and kissed him.

John Mixer was surprised, but it was a happy surprise; but he had no chance to ask questions, for at that moment Mr. Lee came out.

and during that time Mrs. Mixer did her own work. Every morning's sun found her up, and she found that the household duties were real pleasures. Her face had already begun to grow more plump and full; the color had become rich and permanent, and her appetite never failed her. And then her sleep was so sweet and refreshing. She had no more of her horrible dreams, and nightmares, and nocturnal frights. She failed not to see how happy all this made her husband, nor did she fail to discover his anxiety, which he manifested in slight shakes of the head, and deep sighs, when he thought no one saw or heard him. He feared this would all fade from him when the old man should go. At length Mr. Lee took his leave.

"Sarah," he said, "you will not fall in with your noble resolve."

"No, father—not while God gives me life."

That was all. The old man took the stage when it came, and after he had gone Sarah went to the window and sat down and cried. Her husband saw her, and he dared not speak to her. He felt sure the old times had come again, and with a heavy heart he went to his work. When he came home to dinner he found his wife as bright and happy as ever.

"Where is Kate?" he asked, seeing that her place was not only vacant, but that no plate had been set for her.

"She has gone over to Mr. Goodenough's."

"On a visit?"

"No—to live. Mr. Goodenough wanted a good girl, and I recommended Kate to him."

"And have you another engaged?"

"Yes. I have engaged one of the best girls I could find—one who will suit me much better than Kate did."

"But I thought Kate was a most excellent girl."

"So she was, but I have found one now upon whom I can depend. I am going to give her a trial, at any rate."

"When is she coming?"

"To-night away. She is here now. I will call her after dinner."

The rest of the meal was eaten in comparative silence, save that John could not resist the temptation of praising the different dishes, and he did it sincerely, too.

"Now, where is your girl, Sarah?" said John, after they had both arisen from the table.

"Come this way."

Mr. Mixer followed his wife into the sitting-room, but he could see no girl there.

"John," said the young wife, while her lip trembled, and the tears started to her eyes, "you see your girl before you."

"What? You—Sarah?"

"Yes—yes. Forget the past. Forget it all, and see how well I can love you. I have resolved that henceforth I will be a wife—such a wife as you deserve. O, my husband, you shall not be made miserable again by my error, for I have resolved to—"

Her voice choked, and her words failed her; but she had said enough to send a thrill of joy to her husband's soul that for the while made him almost frantic. He caught the fair being to his bosom, and after a time of weeping and sobbing, they sat down and talked kindly together.

Time passed on, and Sarah kept her promise. She kept it the same as a man keeps life—as a thing that cannot be lost without death. John Mixer was happy beyond words. His home was bright with joy's purest sunlight, and his soul was warmed by love's most true and ardent fire. He found his freshest now to be the centre of his bliss, and his wife a very angel by his side.

And Sarah—she was happier far than she had dared even to hope she could ever be. She found all the joys of life she could pray for, and she found, too, the true source of health. Her work was but as play in her hands, and she found more time to read and converse than she had found before. She had got rid of her afflictions—every one of them—and at the same time she had found a mine of moral and social wealth which money could not have purchased for her.

The next time her father came to visit them, he was forced to admit that his child could now repay him for all he had done, for she was really competent to give instructions in lessons of happiness and peace, even to him.

CLERICAL WIT.

A certain parson of the Unitarian sect, who whilom dwelt in Winton, and who loved a joke better than preaching—went one day to pay a bill to one William Spade of that village.

The master of the shop not being in, the money was handed over to the boy. A few moments afterwards, the facetious parson meeting the tradesman, he addressed him with—"Billy Spade, your bill is paid."

This same parson was not over fastidious about his wardrobe. One day meeting his brother, who was also a divine, he was censured by him for being so careless about his dress, and especially reprimanded for wearing striped pants, and being altogether too free and not too dignified.

The parson retorted by saying—"Brother C., my religion does not lie in my breeches!"

One of the very best things, however, that I have heard was from a preacher of the same school as the former, and who did the preachments for a society in another town. His people he found were

"Energetic, coy, and hard to please."

He had tried almost everything, running as close as he dared to the manifold shams of the day; but of no avail. He knew not what course to pursue. In his dilemma he called upon a brother-in-law, and asked him to look at his shoes, do as all his schemes had failed. "Suppose you should blend a little of the Second advent doctrine into your discourses," suggested the brother, "that might possibly suit their cases."

"Ah," returned the other, "I distrust not that remedy."

"I'll venture that, if you only try."

And there the matter rested.

Unconscious Influence.—It may be a question which is the wiser, but not the happier—the man who strives against every form of wrong, seeing directly the evil and not the good, or the man who quietly, by the force of example, unconsciously soothes and harmonizes the passions of those around him into union with his own higher and purer nature.

THE KEEPSAKE.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

A CONNECTICUT pedler commonly passes as the *ne plus ultra* of acuteness, and his success in disposing of wooden nutmegs, lignumvite bangles, and mock jewelry as the "gimvive" articles, at fabulous prices, is proverbial the world over, yet perhaps even the Connecticut pedler might be improved by a visit to the realm of the bayonet and knout. The Russian traders, like legendary performers, cheat you while confounding their cheating, and pull wool over your eyes while warning you to on your guard against it. "Look out sharp, father," they will say, in their own frank manner, "we are miserable Russians; we live by our wits; it is natural for us to lie and swindle—we warn you fairly of our trickery, and if you lose by it, it is your own look-out." Thousands of stories of their ingenious rascality are told, but perhaps the subject of the present sketch, which is well authenticated, is among the best.

Count W., a wealthy and intelligent nobleman, who had a commission in the Imperial Guard, was one day sitting in a cafe kept by a Frenchman in St. Petersburg, when a Russian, of the middle class, entered and called for some refreshments. There was nothing particularly striking about him, but the count's quick eye soon caught the sparkle of a diamond ring upon the middle finger of his left hand. He was a great amateur of precious stones, and so he called the man to him and asked to look at it. The stranger readily assented, and the count, after a thorough examination, offered him a pretty round sum for it.

"I can't part with it," replied the Russian, as he replaced the ring. "It is a keepsake. I set great store by it, though it is worth nothing of itself."

"Worth nothing?" exclaimed the nobleman. "No, it is only paste."

"But I tell you that it is a diamond!" cried Count W.

"I wish it was," said the Russian.

"Will you let me take it to to-morrow?" asked the count.

"Certainly."

"I will meet you here at the same hour."

"Very well—but be careful of my ring—for though it wouldn't bring a ruble in the market, I prize it highly, as the gift of a departed friend."

The count promised great care, and took the ring to the court jeweller.

"I can't say," said he, "look at this stone and tell me what you think of it."

As soon as the jeweller set eyes upon it, he exclaimed that it was genuine and of great value.

"Such stones as these are exceedingly rare," said he.

"I thought so," said the count; "and I profess to be a judge."

The next day the count repaired to the cafe and found the Russian waiting for him. He handed him the ring, and the man, after a glance at it, slipped it carelessly into his pocket, and prepared to leave.

"Stay!" cried the count. "I must have a word with you. Will you sell me that ring?"

"No, my lord," replied the Russian. "I cannot do it—my answer to-day is what it was yesterday, and my reason the same. It was the gift of a dear departed friend."

"But I have taken a fancy to that ring."

"I am sorry for it, my lord. And allow me to observe that your fancy seems to be rather irrational. There is nothing peculiar about my ring, and, as I told you, yesterday, the stone is an imitation—a mere show—not worth a kopeck."

"I don't want to impose upon you, my good fellow," said the count. "And I tell you frankly, I am satisfied that it is a diamond of the first water."

"The best judges are apt to be deceived in these things, my lord, but I have been a dealer in precious stones, and I cannot be deceived; and I here declare before your friends and the whole company that it isn't worth a rouble."

"No matter," said the count. "I want the ring, and I here offer you ten thousand roubles for it."

The Russian paused for a minute in reflection.

"My lord," said he, "I am a poor man, and you have tempted me too far. Justice to my family compels me to accept your offer. Take the ring."

He drew it from his pocket, kissed it, and handed it to the count. The latter slipped it on his finger, and the Russian received a check on the count's banker, and hastened to get it cashed. As he was coming out of the banking-house, he encountered the purchaser in a furious passion, accompanied by an officer.

"Seize this fellow!" cried the count, "he has swindled me out of ten thousand roubles."

The Russian was taken before a magistrate and the

In Bowling Green, Mo., Claudius H. Hunt, 18,
Hon. Ezra Hunt.

(Written for The Flag of our Union.)

AUTUMN.

BY LOUISE A. WORTON.

"Tis a day of autumn beauty,
 Hay and soil the air;
 While now and then a rustle
 Is dropped like a ruby rare.
 The plavative trill of the cricket
 Alone the stillness wakes,
 And the robin that built in the cherry tree,
 His summer hums breaks.

But still in the fields of trill
 He's playing a plaintive strain;
 A farewell dirge to the valley
 He never may yield again.
 A lonely bird is the robin,
 But I love him passing well;
 For he lingers around our cottage,
 And latest in his farewell.

There are birds of brighter plumage,
 But none that seem to me
 Like the dear old robin redbreast,
 That sang in our cherry tree.
 There were birds of radiant beauty,
 But they only stood while,
 And they seemed like the children,
 That would not on the lowly aisle.

There is not a cloud in the ether,
 But in falling, has left its hue,
 A yellow and smoky vapor,
 That the sun seems struggling through.
 The leaves from the trees are falling,
 Like locks from an aged head;
 And silently whirling downward,
 They rest in the valley low.

The silence that breathes o'er nature,
 Oppresses the heart like death;
 The trees like funeral banners,
 Unfold to the wind's chill breath.
 And their leaves go trailing onward,
 As swept by the winds of war,
 To their graves all around in the valley,
 But thither they willingly go.

(Written for The Flag of our Union.)

THE CHEVALIER TREMLET.
A Tale of the Time of Catherine de Medicis.

BY CHARLES E. WAITE.

CHAPTER I.

THE FETE.

Behold the brand of beauty's tones!
 How low his melting voice the flames!
 Delighted love his spells does sound,
 And triumph, in this game—WALLER.

BRILLIANTLY glittered the magnificent halls of the Louvre, as high festival was held therein, by the effeminate Henry III. of France, and his voluptuous court. The long suite of gilded saloons, festooned with flowers and adorned with arabesques and golden fleur-de-lis, was redolent with perfumes exhaled from a thousand aromatic lamps and sweets breathed forth from fragrant caskets, that would have vied with the odors of the luxurious gardens of the Alhambra. Music from invisible minstrels floated through the halls—all plumes were in the air, and the cavaliers—only elastic feet twinkled in the complicated movements of the figure, as the liveliest and most noble damsels of the land whirled in the giddy bransle, or in the more graceful Spanish pavan, or in the majestic and dignified Italian passamano. All the grace, wit, beauty and distinction of a court that vied in the loveliness of its dances, and the most accomplished of the voluptuous Charles II. were assembled.

The fete was a masked one. The costumes were of endless variety, suited to the taste of the wearer and adapted to display the person to the best advantage. Bright eyes peeped from the little loop-holes of the favorite *touret de nez*, a sort of mask, at that time in high vogue at the French court. It gave additional piquancy to the smoothly polished chin, and ripe, bewitching lips of the wearer, and many were the amours to which these little velvet vizards lent mystery and interest.

Throughout the gorgeous rooms the noble company dispersed, some listening to the exquisite melody of the royal musicians, others watching with the interest of the gamblers themselves, the tables where immense sums were staked at tric-trac or primier—while others reclined on luxurious silken couches within the deep embrasures of tapestried windows, listening to the impassioned words of plumed gallants, and uttering soft and faint responses. Innumerable lackeys, and pages in sumptuous liveries, emblazoned with the escutcheons of their lords, were in attendance, and flitted about on tender errands.

In the grand saloon stood Henri Tremlet himself, supported on the arm of his chief valet. He was of slight figure, and his countenance wore an habitual sneer. His features were not regular, but his complexion was exceedingly fair, and would have vied in delicacy and freshness with that of many of the voluptuous demoiselles who graced his princely court. Particularly did he pride himself upon his hand, which was small and beautiful, and a grace of person which was enjoyed in common by nearly all the Medicean family. Around him were arrayed the chivalry and gallantry of the capital. All his retinue were unmasked but one cavalier, who wore a dark vizard covering his entire face, and who appeared studiously to keep in the background.

He was attired in a pourpoint exquisitely worked and slashed with velvet, and over his shoulders was carelessly cast a crimson mantle, edged with silver lace and adorned with orders. Mingling with the king's suite was Catherine de Medicis, his mother, accompanied by a fair young dame, whose features Praxiteles would have sighed for as a model for his Venus. Her eyes were of dark blue, swimming with chastened tenderness. Above her mouth there was a charming expression, partly scornful and partly voluptuous,—both blended so harmoniously as to give that feature peculiar piquancy and loveliness. Her rich auburn hair was raised from her smooth and polished brow, and gathered in plaits at the top of her head. The alabaster throat was encircled with a muslin collar edged by a pointed lace, and her face was closely fitted by a bodice of Florence velvet, which rather revealed than hid the splendid contour of the

waist and bosom. Such was Louise de L'Estolle, the handsomest, most virtuous, and highly accomplished of the *petite bande des dames de la cour*, which attended the haughty Catherine de Medicis, as maids of honor.

Henri was evidently paying his devoirs to the splendid Louise, and judging from the lady's manner his attentions, if not unpleasant, were, to say the least, a matter of indifference to her. Her beautiful face was bent in a fixed and earnest gaze upon a pair of dancers who were bounding down the grand hall in a graceful *Canarosse* waltz. An expression of intense pain crossed her features as the waltzers approached nearer, and she observed the look of passionate tenderness which the lady, careless of observation, bestowed upon her partner.

"How glorious Marguerite dances to-night," observed the king.

"Venus must smile upon her partner's nativity," said the courtier of the mask and slashed pourpoint, stepping forward; "observe, sire, how he is basking in the sunshine of the queen of Navarre's favors."

Louise de L'Estolle grew deadly pale and averted her face. Marguerite de Valois, Queen of Navarre—for she was the fair dancer—as the waltz was concluded, was led panting by her partner to a lounge, amid the thundering *vivats* and *bravos* of the illustrious host.

It was at a period when the charms of the beautiful queen were at their height, and she never looked more lovely than when as at present engaged in her favorite amusement. Her eyes were dark and lustrous, and their moist, full orbs could beam with the most voluptuous tenderness, or flash fire and indignant fury, as her passionate soul was moved by love, or roused by resentment. Her features were faultlessly regular, and while they were majestic, there was yet a softness and grace about them which made their expression irresistibly fascinating.

Her skin was dazzlingly fair, and her hair, which when loose fell in magnificent raven tresses almost to her feet, was now secured by ribands to the back of her head, and adorned profusely with pearls and brilliants. Her form was round and faultless—the glowing bust swelling from a throat and neck as white as alabaster, and the waist small and slender—worthy of being spanned by the ceast of Venus. Her hands were small and white, and the little foot which peeped from her splendid robe, could have won Cinderella's slipper. Her attire was of the most magnificent order. Far be it from us to attempt a description of the velvet and brocade, the ruffs and laces, the necklaces of cameos and diamonds, and an infinite variety of other precious stones with which she had adorned her unparalleled beauty.

The cavalier who sat by her side, and who was enjoying her exquisite smiles, was one worthy to be the companion of the royal beauty. He wore no mask, and his features were exposed in all their classic and beautiful proportions. The forehead was ample and majestic, and shaded by thick curls of dark, brown hair, which having been displaced during the whirling waltz, now flowed carelessly about a face which would have formed a study for the great Athenian sculptor. The nose was Grecian and faultlessly regular—the nostrils thin and haughty; the mouth was firm and full—and its expression fraught with sensibility. He wore a slight moustache curled upwards from the chin, according to the prevailing fashion of the period. The attire of the gallant was not gaudy nor assumed for the purpose of masquerade. It consisted of a pink satin doublet, slashed with azure, and ornamented at the bottom with golden lace. Upon his knee rested a toque or cap, surmounted by a tuft of gaily colored feathers. Had Vandeyk been there, he would have sighed to transfer the group to canvas.

"They look excessively love-like," observed the dark mask in the king's suite, coming up behind Louise de L'Estolle, and uttering the remark in a low tone, as if purposely for her ear alone. The lady turned haughtily towards the king, as if to indicate that, however unpleasant his marked favors might be, they were infinitely less so than the officious observations of the disguised cavalier.

"Methinks our fair sister of Navarre is carrying it rather too far with that handsome gallant," said Henri.

"See how their hands caress each other. By Cupid! See, he is about to kiss her," said the dark mask, interposing between Louise and the king.

The expression of haughtiness entirely vanished from the face of the lovely demoiselle, and she was succeeded by one of the deepest anguish. She sought his majesty to conduct her away to a seat.

As Marguerite's companion leaned over to pick up her fan which had fallen—the act which had been so maliciously misconstrued by the masked courtier—he observed to the queen with a considerable interest:

"The chevalier of the purple vizard appears to be annoying the demoiselle de L'Estolle. Do you not perceive a peculiar expression of her features? Ha, I believe he has insulted her."

Marguerite de Valois was as intensely jealous in disposition, as she was transcendently lovely in person.

"You honor me, Chevalier Tremlet, by the interest you exhibit in the other ladies of the court," said she, satirically, and fixing upon him a searching look.

"I would not stand by and see your woman gratuitously affronted by a man who has authority for the insult as a doublet glittering with orders."

"That is a rare sentiment to be heard at this gay court, mon beau chevalier!" exclaimed Marguerite, appeased, and fixing her beautiful eyes fondly upon his face.

"Know you the purple mask?" inquired her companion.

"He is Bussy D'Amboise, a rejected lover of mine, and an unsuccessful suitor for the hand of Louise de L'Estolle. He is brave, and was handsome and generous; but frequent disappointment has wrinkled his brow and soured his temper."

"I have heard of his feats at arms, and of his

provinces in the tournament. But the chagrin of a rejected suitor would never warrant such discomfited as he has just evinced towards a noble dame. It declares him void of chivalry and true nobility."

"Tremlet, hear me! If you would not rouse my jealous nature, do not thus be ever evincing your concern for the belle Louise. Passionately as I love you, I could hate as fervently. If I felt that I had a rival in your bosom, I would spurn you. I might—but away the dreadful thought! Come, mon chevalier!" continued the passionate queen of Navarre, suddenly changing her tone and manner; while all are looking on us, as if we were cooing like foolish doves, we were upon the point of a quarrel; but it was my fault. Your pardon! I see they are about to proceed to the banquet-hall. Let us follow."

She offered him that small, white Medicean hand, and its little taper fingers gave a soft pressure, as they were received within the palm of the handsome and graceful cavalier.

The grand banquetting saloon was separated from the main hall by magnificent curtains of crimson velvet, figured with fleur-de-lis of gold. At the signal of the major-domo, the splendid saloon was withdrawn, and a scene was presented that would have drawn tears from the eyes of Epicurus.

Far as the eye could reach was a mass of glittering chandeliers, whose light reflected from the golden cornices and arabesques, making the walls and ceiling look as if besprinkled with brilliants. Sunk in niches were hundreds of mirrors which multiplied the objects of magnificence around, and added indescribable splendor to the scene. Wreaths of roses from Provence, and vases of flowers from the royal conservatories, were dispersed throughout the saloon, and exhaled a fragrance almost suffocating.

In the middle and extending the whole length of the banquet hall, was the royal barge. It was raised several feet from the floor, and ascended by low steps, thickly carpeted with a rich Turkish fabric, so as to muffle a hundred footfalls. The mighty table itself groined with violants. Massive salvers, golden vases, crystal goblets, urns and cups of the rare workmanship of Benvenuto Cellini, were arrayed in long and glittering lines upon a cloth of white damask, ornamented with fanciful figures. Pyramids of confectionary, plates of frosted cakes, and urns of the rarest fruits were heaped upon the graining table. Around were stationed chamberlains with their wands, and butlers bearing embossed flagons, while countless valets and pages stood ready to attend the slightest signal. At intervals, down the whole length of the hall, on either side, were massive side-board with goblets and urns steaming with the rich wines of Cyprus and Syracuse, and loaded with cornucopia of piquant viands, ready to be brought on in order.

About half way down the saloon was a magnificent throne, raised several feet above the ordinary seats of the table and formed of azure silk, adorned, as was almost everything about the Louvre, with golden fleur-de-lis, and powdered with sparkling diamonds.

Amidst exhilarating strains of music, Henri III., accompanied by Louise de L'Estolle, led the way towards the gorgeous festive preparation. Immediately behind them proceeded Catherine de Medicis, accompanied by the purple mask, or, as we shall designate him in future, Bussy D'Amboise—and they were in their turn followed by Marguerite de Valois and the chevalier Tremlet. Behind these came the whole of the glittering train which comprised the court.

Henri proceeded to occupy the throne at the middle of the saloon, and around him were disposed the members of the royal family, those nearest to his person and his peculiar favorites. If the scene was grand at first, how inconceivably more so was it when the splendors of that brilliant throng were added to it! The servants began the attack upon the viands with their huge knives, and soon the carous was at its height. Merry jests went round, and sometimes pretty broad ones too, for that court was not over-scrupulous—dark eyes flashed with unwonted lustre under the influence of the generous wines, and soft cheeks flushed, as tender speeches were uttered by amorous gallants.

Around the king, and among the royal retinue, the laughter was loudest, the jests broadest, and the gaiety highest, for Henri loved the revel above all things, and was more captivated by a merry song at the festive board, than by the noblest deeds of chivalry, or the wildest adventures of the chase. While the feast was at its height and the grand saloon resounded with the shouts of the wassallers, suddenly there arose confusion amidst the royal company.

"Hold!" shouted the king, "drink no another drop on peril of your lives! The wine in my goblet is poisoned!" and holding up his cup, foaming with the glorious grape of Syracuse, he dipped into it a dark green bezoar set in gold, which he had just removed from his finger, and on taking it out the stone had become perfectly white. The faces of all around who could see the effect of the king's experiment became deadly pale. Venetian glass was brought, and the wine in the flagons was first tested, then that in the goblets of several of the guests, and finally that in the king's goblet was tried again. They all bore the test until the glass was dipped into Henri's cup, when the wine bubbled and shivered into fragments.

"I charge you, Louise de L'Estolle with dragging thy wine, sire!" exclaimed Bussy D'Amboise, rising and uttering the words with unparalleled boldness and effrontery.

The Chevalier Tremlet bounded to his feet.

"The charge which that pusillanimous caldief brings against the noble lady is as false as his heart, and that the tale is a malicious and wilful fabrication, I will approve upon my marital combat! This is my defence!" he shouted, harling his glove at the feet of the insolent D'Amboise; "as champion of the Lady Louise de L'Estolle, I challenge you, Bussy D'Amboise, to maintain your infamous assertion in deadly combat!"

"I accept your challenge," said the cavalier, placing the glove which was handed him by a

page within his girdle. Tremlet's tale stepped forward and receiving Bussy's gauntlet bore it back to his master.

"These are strange proceedings in our presence!" exclaimed Henri; "were not the charge so evidently malicious and unprovoked, I would bid you both give back the gloves until some explanation were made, or at least until our permission were asked for the duel. Just as it is, we give our sanction and approval, although you have not had the courtesy to ask it of us. Let the combat take place to-morrow in the lists; we bid you break a lance together, and if the contest be not fatal on the issue of the third course, let it be renewed with swords!"

Having uttered this, amid the fanfares of trumpets and the notes of handbells, the monarch withdrew from the supper hall, accompanied by Catherine de Medicis and Marguerite de Valois, with their immediate trains.

CHAPTER II.

THE JOUST.

"Their visors closed, their lances in the rest,
 Or at the helmet pointed, or at the crest,
 They rush from their ranks, they press the race,
 And spurring, see decrease the middle space."

Within the gardens of the Louvre, the lists had been quickly erected, and as the hour appointed for the tilting upon the succeeding day drew nigh, the avenues of approach to the palace courts were thronged with crowds of eager people. Barriers of half a dozen feet in height extended from an angle of the palace walls for a distance of eighty feet, enclosing an arena perfectly smooth, and eminently adapted in every respect for the chivalrous exercises of the tourney. Around, were erected galleries and balconies hung with magnificent drapery, and fluted with banners and streamers emblazoned with escutcheons and fleur-de-lis. At the right were the pavilions of the king, his royal mother and sister. They glowed with splendid hangings of tapestry, and were each surmounted by silken banners gleaming with the royal arms. At the entrance were canopies for the king-at-arms, the marshals and the other officers of the field.

Long before the appointed hour the galleries were crowded with the nobility, chivalry and beauty of the capital. Tier above tier they rose, densely packed with high-born dames and cavaliers, whose rich attire was rendered more dazzling and brilliant by the effect of the sunbeams which poured down into the arena and threw a glorious halo of light upon the whole magnificent spectacle.

Within the grand pavilions reined the three members of the royal family. Louise de L'Estolle was in Catherine's retinue. Her face was pale, but her manner was composed, and she looked irresistibly lovely. Marguerite de Valois looked the queen to perfection. Her stomacher flamed with stars and brilliants, and she sat haughtily in the midst of her proud suite. There could be discerned a sad and disappointed expression upon her haughty features, and she cast furtive glances at the combatants accompanied by the Demoiselle de L'Estolle.

All was animation and excitement—thousands of voices floated in low murmurs through the arena, like the muffled roar of the ocean; silken dresses rustled in the breezes, and jewels flashed from fair round arms and raven tresses. Suddenly trumpets brayed, cymbals clashed, the lists were opened, and the combatants accompanied by their seconds bounded into the ring—their horses carolling and demoralizing, and their person's fluttering from their lances.

The Chevalier Tremlet was arrayed in a polished suit of dark Milan steel, the corselet encased with figures in gold, and the casque surmounted by a long flowing plume of crimson feathers. His visor was open, disclosing to view the mainly beauty and classic symmetry of his features. The housings of his charger were of the most gorgeous description, consisting of cloth of gold curiously wrought and bordered with miniver. The bridle and martingale were studded with diamonds, and the head-piece was of stout mail, from which projected a sharp steel pike, over which waved a plume of ostrich feathers stuck between the ears of the charger.

Bussy D'Amboise was equipped quite as splendidly as his antagonist, although the plume in his morion and the caparisons of his charger were different, being those of another house. His surcoat was blazoned with armorial insignia, and his shield embossed with golden devices.

After the knights had ridden curvetting about the arena, they took their stations at opposite posts of the tilt-yard, and awaited by the side of their seconds the king's signal for the commencement of the combat. Henri presently waved his hand and amid the fanfares of trumpets and the resounding of chivalry, the king-at-arms advanced to the middle of the field and hurling a gauntlet upon the sand proclaimed the rank, and cause of quarrel of the combatants, and shouted for them to leave the barriers."

Levelling their lances and firmly fixing them in rest, the cavaliers shut their visors, and as the signal for the combat was given, they plunged forward—were in an instant running the course in mad career. They met in rude shock in the middle of the field; their steeds recoiled upon their haunches, and their lances shivered, truncheons and all, into a thousand splinters. Going back to their posts they received fresh lances from their attendants, and returned to the tilt. In this second course, the king-at-arms of the Chevalier Tremlet split the beaver of D'Amboise, but neither wounded nor unhorsed him. They were again returning for new weapons when the king made a signal to the marshal-at-arms who commanded, in a thundering tone, silence, and a cessation of hostilities.

After conferring briefly with Henri, the marshal proceeded with two heralds to the middle of the field, and after a flourish of cornets and drums, proclaimed that it was the wish of his most royal highness, that, since the two illustrious champions were so nearly matched with the lance, the fight should be decided with the sword.

Silence was again commanded, and the combatants rode out with rapier drawn. Both plunged their spears into their horses' flanks as

they approached, and rushing upon each other made rapid and skillful passes. Steel clashed against steel, sparks of fire flashed from their mail, and plumes bent in fragments floated in the air and strewn the arena. Both knights displayed exquisite skill in the fence as they discharged blows right and left with inconceivable rapidity. The galleries rang with applause as either cavalier made a successful pass—fair hands waved an "Amboise!" or "a Tremlet!" which made the welkin ring. The anxious multitude were kept long in suspense, for seldom had two knights so equally matched, met in the tournament, and the struggle was protracted beyond all bounds. But human strength has limits, and Bussy D'Amboise now began to exhibit evidences of declining energy. His lance, which had been substituted for the morion, given by Tremlet's lance—was fearfully wrecked, and the plume shaven to an inglorious stump; the brilliant harness and trappings of his steed were stained with gore, and there was a huge gap in his corselet cleft by the sword of his powerful opponent.

The champion of Louise de L'Estolle had not been utterly unscathed during this deadly struggle. The feather of his casque was in scarcely a better condition than that of Bussy D'Amboise. His armor was yet entire, although there were many places where huge chips had been hewn from the gorgeous mail by his antagonist's vigorous strokes, and the glittering housings were torn and gashed in many places.

It was evident that the combat must soon cease on the part of D'Amboise, for his armor was so bent and broken as to furnish scarcely any defence. Gathering all his vigor therefore into one tremendous blow, the sword of the Chevalier Tremlet came crashing down upon the bars of his antagonist's visor, rent them in twain as if they were the filaments of a spider's web, and inflicted a ghastly wound upon his cheek. The blood spirted from the crevices made by the descending steel, the uplifed sword-arm fell by his side, and Bussy D'Amboise tottering in his saddle, fell to the earth and bit the dust—conquered in fair field while defending an unjust cause.

Heralds and men-at-arms rushed into the ring, and unclasping the helm of the conquered knight, endeavored to restore him. But it was in vain—he had drawn his last breath, and his attendants sadly bore him off the field.

The king-at-arms once more stood in the middle of the tilt yard and announced that the character of the Lady Louise de L'Estolle was entirely vindicated from the foul aspersion which had been cast upon it by the knight Bussy D'Amboise, and in the name of the king requested the company to withdraw.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIGHT.

You saw that she upon the sea,
 My native land, I fight;
 Forever, to him and to me,
 My future life, my love, my home—
 My future life, my love, my home—
 My future life, my love, my home—

The sudden order for the dispersion of the company which assembled to witness the tournament, was a stroke of policy on the part of Henri to enable him to avoid the chagrin of beholding the Demoiselle Louise, on whom he looked with special grace, publicly bestow the favors which the laws of chivalry authorized, upon the champion who had put lance in rest in her behalf. What was usually a most interesting part of the knightly sport was entirely foregone, and the king, and the queen, and the monarch immediately adjourned to the halls of the Louvre whither he had ordered Tremlet to hasten soon as he could effect a change of apparel, and receive his royal congratulations and those of the beautiful Louise.

It was early in the evening, twilight had just begun to "let her curtain down"—two persons sat within a bower of the gardens of the Louvre. Around them were statues of fawns and nymphs, and fountains gushing water as clear as the purest crystal.

"Louise, you are mine, and not Henri III. nor all the royal family shall rob me of you, while my brow can bear a casque, or my hand wield a sword!"

The Demoiselle de L'Estolle gazed tenderly upon her lover, and there was sadness and perplexity upon her fair brow, as she answered: "I am yours, Tremlet, but were the suspicion of the relation in which we stand to each other but breathed into Henri's ear, his Medicean hand would poison a poisoned chalice to your lips. I would abandon life, rank, everything, sooner than my love. May that licentious monarch never bring me to so dread an alternative!"

"And were Marguerite de Valois but cognizant of half what I feel for you, my beautiful Louise, she too would empty the drug into my goblet! Indeed, she has intimated as much already!—O what a detestable court! where chivalry is sunk in sensuality, and wrongs are redressed by the midnight assassin. Let us leave it, my Louise. I have a home in England—I have ancestors there! Come with me—let us abandon this effeminate and unworthy kingdom—let us breathe an air pure and untainted by vice!"

"I would joyfully abandon my estates to follow you, mon cher chevalier; but how could we leave the kingdom undiscovered?" replied she, gazing fondly into his face, and thrilling with her sunny and tender fingers the curls of his dark wavy hair. "Valiant as you have shown yourself at the jousting to-day, you could not, I fear, nor would it be in the power of any cavalier to elude the spies by which this palace and its environs are beset!"

Tremlet's face assumed an expression of deep thought for a moment, he kept his look bent on the ground; then raising his eyes, he exclaimed: "I have it! In the great hall there is a fountain of the king, at the farther extremity, canopied with brocade and fretted with gold. In a niche behind it is a bust of Pallas resting on a marble pedestal, its face directed towards the arch which conducts into the dining-saloon. Turning the bust so as to face in an opposite direction, the pedestal is made instantly to revolve and the back of the royal seat swings slowly

open, disclosing a flight of stone steps leading to a dark subterranean passage. This once secret corridor is now so well known that it is rarely used in the stragglers of the royal family. It was employed last by Cosmo de Medicis, when Bernardo Girolamo so mysteriously disappeared. Make all the necessary preparation, and I will meet you there to-morrow night, when the chapel bell strikes two. The passage conducts, after many a weary turn, under the palace walls, more directly to the banks of the Seine, where there shall be a boat with twenty oarsmen to row us down the river to a vessel which shall bear us from this land to the shores of England."

"Tremlet, to have splintered a lance in defending my honor, and rather than lose your love, I would have every danger. I will be there!"

He seized her snowy, jeweled fingers and pressed them passionately to his lips.

"You have a brave heart, Louise!"

"It is my affection for you that gives it courage."

The lovers remained conversing in the gardens of the Louvre as long as it was prudent and even longer, for their absence had been noted by the wary Henry, and as they returned, they were met by youthful pages and valets in the royal liveries, who had been sent by the king in search of them.

The hour appointed by the Chevalier Tremlet for the meeting at the bust of Pallas, on the succeeding night drew nigh. The moon streamed through the casements, pouring a flood of silver light on the thousand objects of magnificence, strewn in profusion about the grand saloon, with stealthy tread and drowsy rapier, the knight rode lightly over the thickly piled Turkey carpets. As he drew near to the king's chair, he saw reclining in it a figure arrayed in a robe of white damask, ornamented profusely with silver lace that glittered in the moonbeams.

"Louise, hien-ien!"

The lady rose to her feet, and Marguerite de Valois stood before him!

"The Queen of Navarre?"

"The Chevalier Tremlet! You have come to meet my minion, have you?" Marguerite barked bitterly, but her voice and manner softened as she proceeded. "But I forgive you. From my heart I pardon you. Your magnanimity has subdued all the Malice within me."

"Magnanimity, my queen?"

"Yes. You saw me when I emptied the fatal powder into the goblet of my royal brother, mistaking it for that of Louise de L'Etoile. I felt while I did it that your eyes were bent on me, and when I looked up, I met your strange, earnest, pained gaze. I saw you follow the cup with your eyes, and ready to spring to your feet, at the moment Henri spoke the words you knew, yet not by word, or glance, or gesture, have you intimated to me, nor to any one, as I believe."

"I confess I saw the act," said Tremlet.

"And you perilled your life besides, to avert the consequences of my deed from another. Chevalier Tremlet, if Marguerite de Valois be jealous and revengeful, she can yet appreciate truth in another. Now do what I have never before done—pardon a faithful lover!"

Tremlet bent his knee before her, and pressed gratefully the small, fair hand he held. At that moment Louise de L'Etoile, arrayed in a travelling dress of russet-colored velvet, with a candle in her hand flickering in its socket, appeared through an adjoining portal of the saloon. She started at what she beheld—her lover kneeling and affectionately kissing the slender digits of the queen of Navarre!

"Delay not! Come forward!" said Marguerite, in a soft, low tone, beckoning to her; "did you think a meeting like this, within this palace, could be private? The very walls have ears!"

Louise advanced timorously, not knowing the mood of her majesty, and at a loss to explain the scene she had just witnessed.

"Give me your hand," said Marguerite, and taking the fair palm, she placed it within that of the chevalier, uttering in a tone not entirely free from emotion:

"The queen of Navarre sanctions your union, and bestows her blessing upon it. Go, and God be with you!"

She again extended her hand for Tremlet to kiss, and tenderly embracing the lady Louise, she turned and slowly left the room. Marguerite had gained a great and unusual victory over herself; it was seldom that her better feelings thus prevailed. For a few days afterwards she was sad, and a soft melancholy prevailed in her glorious eyes, but she soon learned to forget her transient passion, and consoled herself as she always did, with a new lover, from the handsome train of gallants who doted on the king.

When the queen of Navarre had left them, Tremlet, after forcing up a clasp with the point of his dagger, turned round the marble image of Minerva, and the pedestal began slowly to revolve. After waiting for a few moments, the velvet back of the fauteuil appeared suddenly endowed with motion and swung gradually open, upon hinges that creaked from long disuse. Throwing his arm around Louise, he hastily descended the slippery steps, and leaving the door to shut of its own accord by means of its hidden machinery, he pursued his devious way through the tortuous labyrinth of passages which presented themselves. His course appeared to be perfectly familiar to him, and he advanced with a certainty that immediately dissipated his companion of all the terror the place was calculated to awaken. After passing underneath the fons, which enveloped the palace walls on every side, and which was indicated by the water dripping through the masonry, their course was short to the outlet of the passage, near the banks of the Seine. As they reached the open air, Tremlet conveyed the lovely demure to a boat in waiting, and in silence they rowed in the direction of the marshes of St. Germain. The morning dawned they were miles away from Paris, and a short distance before them was a small vessel riding at anchor. They embarked, and before Henri III. of France had dreamt of rising from his pile of cushions, or had dreamt of sending a valet for his shaving water, Louise de L'Etoile, already the betrothed of the Chevalier Tremlet, was crossing the English Channel on her way to Dover.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

GOOD NIGHT.

BY WILLIAM W. GRANT.

"Good night, good night," says a lovely child, As she turned her face, with affection mild, To receive a tender mother's kiss, And she said away to her dreams of bliss.

Good night! and she uttered her little prayer To "our Father in heaven" in silence there, While guardian angels took their stand To watch her through the dreamy land.

The angels looked and sweetly smiled Upon the face of that lovely child, And said, as she uttered that little prayer, "Of such the kingdom of heaven are."

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

BY-AND-BY WE WILL BE RICH.

BY MRS. N. T. MUNROE.

THIS last faint gleam of light was fading from a winter sky, and one by one the lights gleamed out from stores and houses, and men of business were retiring to their homes. Some passed along with glad, quick tread, thinking of the love of wife and children, and even as they went up the steps the smile of an anticipated meeting spread over their faces, and as they opened the door, one caught glimpses of little figures caught up in strong, bony arms, and heard tiny voices shouting joyfully, "papa has come." Ah, happy homes, loving hearts!

Others, walking along with eyes bent upon the ground and thoughtful brows; they had not left their cares with their last deposit at the bank, neither had they locked them up with the day book and ledger in their safe. No, profit and loss, dollars and cents, were uppermost in their heads as home they went, through the early winter's twilight.

In a neat but by no means a luxurious home, Mrs. Newcomb waited her husband's return. The supper-table was laid with its two plates, two cups and saucers. A young married couple, these things said, and gazing on the little table, one had visions of that peculiar happiness which comes to the same hearts but once. Two plates, two cups and saucers, yet there in a corner of the room, shaded from the glow of the lamp, was a straw cradle. In that straw cradle the mother has just laid her baby boy, her delight and her pride, and anon she waits for her husband.

It would be something of a curiosity to look into all the houses of the great city at this hour, and see how many wives are waiting their husbands' return. And equally curious would it be to sum up the hours of woman's life spent in this waiting and watching the beloved ones' return.

But Ellen waited long, and as she stood looking from the window she imagined each figure that was coming down the street must be his, but no, they all stopped before they reached her, or passed by. And now the street grew less and less thronged, and she turned away tired and weary, for baby had been worrisome all the afternoon, and she had walked the floor with him for a full hour to quiet him; and she felt faint and sick in want of her supper, though she could not think of eating. It will be long, she thought.

She sat down disappointed. "O, dear, I wish he would come early just once, I don't see tired. Everybody else has gone home—I don't see why he need stay so late," and the tears came to her eyes.

Ah, Nelly was young, the hour was lonely, and she was very weary; and she will forgive her weakness.

She turned and looked at her baby—she knelt down beside him—he's breathing quiet and regular. She rose up, and with her own sweet, happy expression on her face. "I was almost afraid he was sick, but I guess it was nothing after all. O, how my arms ache carrying the little fellow about."

A slight fear did not look able to endure much, a delicate frail creature, none fit to be the object of a mother's solicitude than to bear that heavy name, with all its cares and responsibilities.

At length he came. She did not greet him by asking him why he came so late; she knew the reply would be, "O, business, business, Nelly." She did not tell him how she had been watching and waiting, and how at last tired out she had sat down and forced herself to wait with patience. Neither did she tell him how night after night it was with tending the baby; if she had he would have laughed, I suppose, for tending the baby he thought not worth an all, at least, not for a woman. Was it indeed nothing to have that great boy of six months laughing and jumping in your arms every moment, when not employed in household duties? Answer ye, who know what a relief it is to your weariness when the little one, dearly beloved as he is, sinks to his nightly slumber.

Ellen looked pale to be sure, and at last her husband noticed it; he smiled to see, for how could she have much to do, with only himself and the baby to take care of? Only, Harry Newcomb, just think. It is not much to prepare three meals of victuals a day, nothing to keep your clothes in order, nothing to wash and iron your shirts and white pants, and vests you like so well in summer time, nothing to make all the frocks and dresses for that little one, and keep him so nice and clean, nothing, besides all these duties, to sweep the house, and wash dishes, scour knives and scrub floors! O, no, these are the easiest things in the world. So thought Harry Newcomb.

Unfortunately for Ellen, her husband's mother was a very smart woman, and what his mother had done he thought any woman could do. He did not want his wife to work beyond her strength, and never once supposed she did. But he wanted to be economical, for by-and-by he was to be rich, and then he would have a larger house, and Ellen should keep a girl, or two if she chose, and they would live in style.

So for this object he worked early and late; he, so absorbed in his love of gain, needed no cessation, and never thought or dreamed that Ellen might need a little rest or relief from her daily duties.

His mother had helped his father amass property, and he thought all women could do the same. He did not need to be told that his wife, and had any one told him that he was so, he would have resented it. In the morning he ate his breakfast, kissed his wife and baby, and was gone. At noon he came home to his dinner, and hurried away again to business; he could not stop to take the baby, though it would have been such a relief to Ellen, no, business called. He could not chat with his wife; no, he must go right back, for he might miss a good trade, and "you know by-and-by, Nelly, when we are rich, I can sit and talk with you all day."

So he was gone all the afternoon, and late at night, as we have seen, came home to tea. Then as he was tired he usually appropriated the easy chair to himself, and laid back for a comfortable nap, while his wife must sit and sew while baby slept, for he could not tell her, though there were but three of them, and she could not have much to do.

Harry never took any half days for recreation, as he was going to be rich first, and enjoy himself afterward. So in mid-summer, when every body, even the little errand boy, had a vacation, he worked on. He must economize in every way, and though he felt his family all the year, he thought of it all day and night, though he could well have afforded them, for he was doing a good business, but by-and-by when he was rich then they would have all these things, and enjoy their money, but now was the time to work. So he toiled on; from morn to night—

from week to week—from month to month—from year to year—"twas work, work. He must get money. He thought of it all day and night, and it was in his dreams at night. But in his eagerness for wealth the man had changed. He said little in the house, for his mind was upon other things; he took no interest in anything but business. He seemed not to Ellen at all like the lover of her youth, and she grew afraid at last to ask him for any little luxury, so often had she been denied. She was of a gentle and yielding disposition, altogether too much so to live with a spirit growing sordid and selfish every day.

Body and soul wholly given up to any object generally accomplishes that object, and so it was in this instance. Harry Newcomb grew richer every day, and could soon count his possessions by thousands. Now he loved wealth for its own sake. It was not so when he began life. When he was married he said: "Some day, Ellen, I will be rich, and you shall be a lady, you shall have your servants, and your piano, and all the things you desire; your wife shall not always be obliged to work."

"But shall we love each other any better," said Ellen.

"Nay, my dear, but then it would be nice to be rich, notwithstanding. It is only for you, I say, that I wish all this. But is it so now? Is it only of Ellen that you think, busy with schemes for years? Is it of her that you have been thinking through the long years that have been passing and saving? Not so, not so. Thou hast thought of money all it has grown to be thy idol, thinking of it thou hast not noticed the pale thin form of thy wife, hast not noticed how the gladness of her girlish had gone from her before her time, how she looks in vain for the lover of her youth in the man engrossed heart and soul by business. Will thy money give back the wasted bloom to her cheeks, or the glad joyous spirit? She asked less of thee than a fortune, nothing more than loving thoughtfulness and gentleness of affection; these thou hast not given her, and yet these simple things would have made her happier than all thy money, and for these she has pined and drooped."

Mr. Newcomb turned his steps homeward earlier than usual; he had just closed the bargain, and a good one he considered it, for a house up in town, and he was now going home to acquire his wife with the fact.

"I think she will be pleased," thought he, "for I have heard her say that our present situation was too confined for the children, especially as we never go out of town in summer; but then there was no use of moving till we could afford to buy a house; till then one place was as good as another. I always told her that when we were rich she should have a house to her liking. But women don't understand."

Full of these reflections he entered his house. His wife looked surprised at his early return. Her face was care-worn and sad.

"What is the matter," said he, "has anything happened?"

"Nothing in particular," said she, "only that Willie is no better."

"O, is that all?" He had entirely forgotten that out of his children was quite unwell, and had been so for some time.

"He isn't worse, then?"

"I don't know as he is, but he grows weaker every day."

She turned and went into the sick chamber—a small bed room, where the air was close and stifling, for it was a hot day in July. Mr. Newcomb followed her.

The little boy lay upon his bed looking pale and languid. As his mother entered, his eyes brightened.

"Are you awake, Willie?"

"Yes, mother, and I have had such a beautiful dream; I thought I was out in the fields picking flowers, and I felt the soft breeze upon my cheek, and then I thought I was on the beach, and saw the great waves come rolling in, and they looked so cool; and I ran on the beach and picked up the stones, and had such a nice time. Do you suppose I shall ever go, mother?"

"I can't say, Willie; I am afraid you are not strong enough yet," said the little boy sighed, but said nothing.

During supper Mr. Newcomb said to his wife, "Do you think you will be able to move next week?"

She looked up in surprise. "Move!" said she, "where?"

"I have bought a house up in town, one of those swelled fronts, on—street, just finished, and will be ready to move into as soon as furnished."

Ellen did not smile even at this grand intelligence, her heart was too sad.

"Do you not like it?" said he. "I thought you would be delighted."

"Certainly," said she, "I shall be glad to move if it is in a healthier situation than this."

"I suppose," said he, "if Willie is so unwell you will not be able to go and pick out the furniture and carpets, but I will see to all these things, and we will have it wholly finished before we move. I shall spare no expense, for I do not intend to live so economically as I have done."

But poor Ellen was silent, her heart was full, and her supper seemed to choke her. But her husband did not notice it. He thought she might have been a little more pleased, but then, that was her way, she did not use to be so indifferent, but she could not tell what ailed her. She was thinking of her sick boy, her delicate child, and that house up in town, and all the riches of the world, could not now restore his health. Once money might have done much. He was always pale and delicate, unlike the other children.

Every summer he drooped and pined. During the winter he seemed tolerably well, but as soon as the warm weather came his cheeks grew pale, his limbs weak, and he was a constant source of care and anxiety to his mother. So it had been summer after summer. Ellen had wished to try a change of air, for it had been recommended by the physician, either a journey to the country or the seashore. But a change of air involved a great deal of expense. In the first place some one must be hired to keep house in town for Mr. Newcomb and the children, and then board for Mrs. Newcomb and Willie at any of the watering places would be very expensive. He really did not think he could afford it, and besides he thought the child would out-grow this weakness; the other children had been brought up in the city, and they were well enough; he believed a great deal of this talk about change of air was a mere humbug.

Ellen went over her poor boy, and over her husband's ill-judged economy, but yielded as she always did. And now when the little sufferer lay, as she feared, upon his death-bed, her husband comes home telling of an expensive house just purchased which he is to furnish in style. O, had she but had a small portion of the money so expended, to have spent as her heart could have wished, how happy she would have been. Is it any wonder, then, that the news he brought filled her heart almost to bursting?

She spoke at last. "It would have taken but a little of this money, Harry, to have paid the expense of boarding at the seashore or in the country, during the summer, and it might have done Willie so much good."

"I wish I could wish to go so much," said he. "I wished to go only for his sake. When you said you could not afford it, I did not suppose you were saving money for this purpose. I had rather do without house and furniture, and have Willie well."

"Why, you can now, if you wish," said she sharply; "I thought it was all moonshine about the boy's being better in the place than another. But there is no satisfying some people. I have worked and toiled for these ten years to get a little property, enough to buy a house and furnish it, and now that I have at last accomplished my object, you complain because—"

"Because," said Ellen, interrupting him with a sad, gentle tone, "because our child, for the want of a little of that money you could so well have spent, must die."

Her voice faltered as she ended; she turned from the room, her whole frame shaking with convulsive sobs.

Mr. Newcomb's first impulse was to follow her, for he was a little alarmed, it was so unlike his wife to speak thus. But he paused a moment. He had been a little angry when he spoke, and the feeling was not wholly gone. No, he would go and finish his business; he did not doubt but all would be well in the morning.

There was nothing more said about the new house. Mrs. Newcomb attended to her duties as usual, giving up her whole time and soul to her boy; she seemed the same as ever to her husband. He busied himself in furnishing the new house. He spared no expense; he covered the parlors with rich carpets and ordered for them the most costly furniture; and among the rest a grand piano. There was everything convenient from attic to cellar, and in a week's time everything was complete and ready, and he could look upon the work of his hands with a satisfied heart; at least it should have been a satisfied heart, for he had given up every energy of body and soul to the acquisition of the wealth which purchased these luxuries.

"The house is ready, Ellen, will you go to-morrow?" She was sitting by her boy who was asleep, holding his hot, thin hands, and lost in thought. She started at his question as if struck by a blow.

"What did you say?" said she, with an alarmed air.

"I merely said that our new house was all ready for us to occupy."

She seemed relieved.

"Can you go to-morrow?" said he.

"I suppose we must go if it is ready."

"I have also engaged a person who will take charge of the house and family while you and Willie go to the seashore, where I have engaged board for you."

Mrs. Newcomb gave a cry of agony and covered her face with her hands. "All too late, my husband—all too late! The wealth of the world, and all the strong love of a mother's heart, more powerful than all else, cannot keep him now."

Infatuated man! Was he blind, that he did not see that the hand of death was upon his boy, and that his wife was thin and wasted to a shadow?

They moved into their splendid mansion up in town. Poor little Willie was laid upon a couch in a large and spacious chamber. He cast his feeble glances around upon all the beautiful things and said: "Mother, is this house ours? Are all these things ours, and is this our home?"

"Yes, my child," said she.

"But is there water near? I thought I should be well if I could see the water, and the waves I so often dream about."

"No, my child, there is no water here, this is in the city, like our other home."

"O," said the little boy, and sighed; "I am so sorry," and he turned wearily on his pillow. His father had heard him. "Willie," said he, "when you are stronger you shall see the waves and the beach; mother will go with you."

"No, father, I never shall be strong again; mother may go, but I never shall; it would do her good, for she is tired out with waiting upon me; but by-and-by I shall not want any waiting upon, and then she can rest."

The strong man wept—yes, deep, and bitter tears. Too late, too late!

Yes, they were splendid parlors, certainly, and in them was a large company; but hushed and silent, for it was the hour of mourning—the hour of death! And this was the first opening of this grand mansion—this funeral gathering!

Also for the frailty of man's hopes! He was dead; beautiful little Willie's flowers lay upon his bosom; flowers covered his little form. Strangers and friends looked upon him and said "how beautiful!" and dropped a tear. His little brother and sister, awed and silent, looked upon him, and wept; father and mother came and bowed down over his little shrouded figure, and wept more bitterly than all.

They bore him to his resting-place, and a sweet one it was; they planted flowers around it, and by-and-by a costly monument told where little Willie rested.

Too late, too late. The heart of the mother was in the grave of the child. She blamed herself, she blamed her husband; the thought would come to her heart that perhaps their child might have been spared to them had everything been done which could so easily have been done.

She wandered around her costly and magnificent home like a bird in a gilded cage, playing for her young, far away. She almost forgot her living children in her sorrow for the dead, and grew indifferent to all around her.

Mr. Newcomb had learned a sad lesson by the death of his boy, but it was too late, too late.

A year from the time that little Willie was buried, a form was laid by his side. She had gone to him mourned, her grieving spirit had found rest at last.

And this was the end of all this striving to be rich and make a figure in the world! Wouldst thou not give all, to have a mate, to have back again thy buried wife and child?

Mr. Newcomb was fortunate in hiring a good housekeeper after his wife's death, and one who took good care of the children.

By-and-by he married a young wife who fully appreciated his money, and his standing in the world. She was a pleasant, amiable person enough, with but little character, and not over sensitive spirit. Willing to ask for what she wanted, and also willing to try any other means to obtain her wishes. She treated the children well, so people said, that is, she never interfered with them, but let them do as they pleased.

Mr. Newcomb lived a fashionable life, spending his wealth lavishly and freely. Money seemed to flow in upon him from all quarters, every speculation he took part in was sure to prosper, and everybody said he was a happy man.

But he had hours of gloom and despondency, when he shut himself out from all society, and brooded over a past but not forgotten sorrow. Sometimes he would go alone to that burial place, which wealth had decorated with costly monuments, the women and sad statues, of the past, and weep bitterly, unavailing tears for those who went too early to their resting-place. These hours of sorrow, we might almost say remorse, were the penalty for his mistaken ideas, his wasted opportunities, and his blind pursuit of wealth to the neglect of higher duties.

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Published every SATURDAY, by F. GLEASON, CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROADWAY STS., BOSTON, MASS.

WHOLESALE AGENTS, S. PRENTISS, 121 Nassau Street, New York.

A. WISCH, 110 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

HENRY TAYLOR, 111 Broadway, New York.

A. C. BAILEY, corner 4th & Broadway Sts. Cincinnati.

J. A. NORTON, 40 Woodland Ave., New York.

E. K. WOODWARD, cor. 4th & Chestnut Sts., St. Louis.

T. M. LUNN, 40 Exchange Place, New Orleans.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

EARLY MORNING.

BY A. N. HIDE.

Night with her sable veil pervades,
A peaceful midnight reigns around.

From mountain, valley, dell or glade,
From north or air escapes no sound.

The stars that in the sky above
Their countless vigils watchful keep,

From heaven's blue dome proclaim that love,
Of love protects us while we sleep.

But lo, on yonder eastern plain
Those cold grey tints of light appear,

The stars in silence bid their train,
To time drive up the morning's career.

The gloom of darkness fades away,
Those cold grey tints the more disclose,

White night's "pale empress" yields her way,
And nature wakes from her repose.

Behind those silvery clouds of white,
That bathe in heaven's majestic arch,

The king of day, the fount of light,
Takes up his grand stupendous march.

His golden glads dispensing free,
With majesty he moves along;

Perfume, and great, and silently,
Like a giant, full and strong.

His golden warmth ad close embrace,
Give light and heat the more disclose,

Proclaim the goodness and the grace
Of thee, our Father, and our God.

[Translated from the French for The Flag of our Union.]

THE CALECHE.

A RUSSIAN STORY.

BY ANNE T. WILDER.

The city of B— had become very animated since a regiment of cavalry had been quartered there. Up to this period, it had been exceedingly dull. When one chanced to pass through it, and cast a glance on the little clay huts of an intolerably forbidding air, one felt a horrible discomfort as if he had just lost all his money at play, or committed some great social blunder.

The houses, originally whitewashed, had been streaked by the rain, and their roofs were composed of old rashes.

According to a custom very common in our southern cities, the *gorodnitchi* (the chief of police) had long before cut down the orchards to improve the prospects. You met no one, except perhaps some cock gravely strutting along the street, which was full of dust and soft as a cushion. At the same time, this dust was transformed into mud, and then all the streets of the city were filled with those fat animals whom the *gorodnitchi* justly called Frenchmen. Displaying their grave physiognomies to all eyes, they uttered such gruntings, that the travelers had nothing to do but to urge on their horses to get rid of them the sooner. Then some country squires of the neighborhood, the possessors of a dozen peasants, would pass seated on a carriage, which formed a compromise between a *bricole* and a *teleg*, surrounded by sacks of flour and whipping his bay mare accompanied by her colt. The aspect of the market-place was forlorn enough. The house of the tailor projected not its front but one of its corners. Opposite rose a brick house with two windows, unfinished for fifteen years, and farther on, a great bazaar of wood, isolated and painted multi-color. This bazaar, which served as a pattern for the rest, was constructed by the *gorodnitchi* in his youth, before he had acquired the habit of sleeping immediately after dinner, and drinking every evening a species of decoction of dried gooseberries. Everywhere else were only huts. But, in the middle of the street, between little shops, where one invariably perceived a pile of round cakes, a fat man in a red dress, a cake of soap, a few pounds of bitter almonds, some lead, some cotton, and two clerks, who played the *amuse* all day.

But, at the arrival of the regiment of cavalry, everything changed. The streets became more animated, and assumed a new aspect. Often, from their little houses, the inhabitants saw pass a tall and well-formed officer, with a tuft of feathers in his hat, on his way to seek a comrade in order to discuss the chances of promotion, or the qualities of some new tobacco, or to stake at play his *drochki*, which might be called the *drochki* of the regiment, for this equipage belonged to all the officers in turn. Now the major was riding in it; to-morrow it appeared in the coach-house of the lieutenant, and, a week afterwards, one saw the major's servant again greasing the wheels. The long hedges, which separated the houses, were suddenly covered with soldiers' caps exposed to the sun; cloaks of coarse gray cloth were suspended at the *porte-cochere*, and one met in all the streets, moustaches, stiff and bristling like clothes-brushes. These moustaches appeared everywhere, but especially in the market, over the shoulders of the women of the city, who came hither from every direction to make their purchases. The officers animated greatly the society of B—. It had been until then composed of the judge, who boarded with a deacon's wife, and the *gorodnitchi*, a very sensible man, but who slept the whole day, from dinner-time till evening and from evening till dinner-time.

This animation increased, when the town of B— became the residence of the general commanding the brigade to which this regiment belonged. Many gentlemen in the neighborhood, whose existence even no one had hitherto suspected, began to come to the city with the intention of visiting the officers, or playing with them at *la banque*, of which they had until then a very confused idea, occupied as they had been with their harrows, the commissions of their wives, and the chase. I regret much that I cannot recollect exactly on what occasion the general resolved one fine day to give a great dinner. The preparations for it were immense; the clatter of kitchen-knives was heard to the very gates of the city. The whole market was put under contribution, so that the judge and the deacon's

"Play which consists in throwing an iron coin through a ring riveted in the ground.

wife were obliged, on this day, to content themselves with *kissel* (crust) and some little cakes of flour. The little court of the house occupied by the general was encumbered with *caleches* and *drochki*. The dinner party was composed only of men, the officers and gentlemen of the neighborhood.

Among the latter was especially distinguished Pythagoras Pythagorovich Tchertokowski, one of the principal aristocrats of the district of B—, the most stately orator at the elections of the nobility, and the possessor of a very elegant equipage. He had served in a regiment of cavalry; he had even passed for one of its most accomplished officers, having constantly appeared at all the balls and soirees wherever his regiment had been quartered.

Unfortunately, however, in consequence of some misadventure, he had been requested to ask his dismissal. This accident did not, however, diminish the consideration he had hitherto enjoyed. M. Tchertokowski was constantly a coat resembling a military uniform, spurs on his boots, and moustaches under his nose, that it might not be thought that he had served in the infantry for which he cherished the utmost contempt. He had taken for a wife a pretty young woman, with a dowry of two hundred peasants, and some thousands of roubles. This money was immediately employed in purchasing six fine horses, some locks of gilt-bronze and a tame monkey. He hired besides a French steward. The two hundred peasants of madame, as well as the other two hundred peasants belonging to monsieur, were pledged at *la banque*.

In a word, he was a gentleman. Among the guests of the general were several other gentlemen whom it is unnecessary to describe. The officers of the regiment were invited, including the colonel and the fat major.

The dinner was splendid; there were sturgeons, *belugas*, *streltzes*,* bustards, asparagus, quails, partridges, and mushrooms. The flavor of all these dishes formed an irrefragable proof of the solicitude of the cook during the twenty-four hours preceding the dinner; four soldiers who had been given him as aids, had not ceased to labor all night, with knife in hand, in the preparation of ragouts and jellies. The immense quantity of long necked bottles, with Lafitte and Maderia; a beautiful summer day, the windows wide open, plates loaded with ice on the table; the ruffled bosoms of the gentlemen in frocks, a noisy and animated conversation, all, in a word, was in perfect harmony. The guests rose from the table with an agreeable weight in their stomachs, and after having lighted each a pipe, long or short, all went out, with their cups of coffee in their hands, on the steps.

"We can see her now," said the general. "Listen, my friend," added he, addressing his cousin, "my cousin, my well-formed youth; order my bay mare to be brought here, you shall see her for yourselves, gentlemen."

At these words the general inhaled a good whiff of smoke.

"She is not yet perfectly well; there is no passable stable in this cursed little town. But she is not bad—puff, puff—the general emitted the smoke which he had inhaled the mare is not bad!"

"Is it a long time since your excellency—puff, puff, puff—designed to buy her?" asked Tchertokowski.

"Puff, puff, puff," not very long; it is about two years since."

"And did you design to receive her trained or cause her to be trained here yourself?"

"Puff, puff, puff," "of course."

As he said these words the general disappeared behind clouds of smoke.

At this moment a soldier came out of the stable. The footsteps of a horse were heard, and another soldier with enormous moustaches, clad in a white surcoat, appeared, leading by the bridle, the startled and trembling mare.

"Softly, softly, Agrafrana Ivanoovna," said he, as he led towards the steps.

The general looked at her with satisfaction and ceased to smoke; the colonel himself descended the steps, and took Agrafrana Ivanoovna by the head; the major caressed her; all the other officers expressed their admiration. Tchertokowski also descended the steps, and placed himself behind the mare. The soldier who held the bridle, straightened himself up, and looked fixedly at the guests, as if he would jump into their eyes.

"She is kind, very kind," said Tchertokowski; "she is a finely formed animal; may I ask, your excellency, whether she goes well?"

"Her step is good; but that fool of a doctor has given her pills which have made her sneeze for two days past."

"Has your excellency an equipage to correspond with this horse?"

"An equipage—it is a saddle-horse."

"I know it; but I asked this question, your excellency, to ascertain whether you have an equipage corresponding with your other horses."

"No, I have not many equipages. I must confess that I have long been desirous of buying a *caleche*, such as is fashionable now. I have written on the subject to my brother, who is at St. Petersburg, but I do not know whether he will send me one or not."

"It seems to me, your excellency," observed the colonel, "that there are no better *caleches* than those of Vienna."

"You are right," puff, puff, puff.

"I have an excellent equipage, your excellency, a genuine Vienna *caleche*," said Tchertokowski.

"That in which you came?"

"O, no! I use this on ordinary occasions, but the other is something extraordinary; it is as light as a feather; and if you should seat yourself within it, it would seem to you as if your nurse was rocking you in a cradle."

"It is convenient?"

"Extremely so; the cushions, the springs, everything is an engraving."

"It is well."

"And what a quantity of things one can stow away there; I have never seen the like."

"A fish periwinkle to Vienna."

"In Russia, when an inferior piece of the *cale* of the superior, he sends away the *cale*, which nearly always is a *cale*. Sometimes he has been heard to say that his master had *designed* to die."

your excellency! When I was in the service, there was room enough in the boxes of my *caleche* to put there ten bottles of rum, twenty pounds of tobacco, six uniforms, all my linen and pipes, your excellency, the longest pipes you ever saw; and in the inside pockets you might have stowed away a whole ox."

"It is well."

"It ought to be good, judging by the price; did you say it yourself?"

"No, your excellency, I got it by accident. This *caleche* was purchased by one of my friends, a comrade of my childhood, a rare man, who would have suited you exactly; we are great friends. What is mine is his, and what is his is mine. I won it from him at cards. Will your excellency do me the favor to dine with me to-morrow? I shall then see my *caleche*."

"I do not know what to say to you. If you will allow me to come with my officers—"

"I invite the officers to come, also. Gentlemen, I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you to-morrow at my house."

The colonel, the major and the officers thanked M. Tchertokowski politely.

"I am myself of the opinion, your excellency, that if one buys a thing, it is well to ascertain its merits. If you will do me the honor to come to my house to-morrow, I will show you some improvements I have made on my estate."

The general looked at him and emitted a whiff of smoke.

Tchertokowski was delighted at having invited the officers; he had already ordered mentally all sorts of sauces and ragouts, looking smilingly at the officers, who, on their part, seemed to redouble their attentions to him.

"There your excellency will make the acquaintance of the mistress of the house."

"That will be very agreeable to me," replied the general, caressing his moustaches.

Tchertokowski had intended to return home immediately to take in time all necessary measures. He had already raised his hat, but by a strange chance remained some time longer with the general. What tales had been prepared, and as the officers invited him to play, he imagined that the rules of politeness required him to do so.

He seated himself. A glass of punch stood beside him; I know not how it came there, but he drank it immediately with reflection.

He having played two rubbers, Tchertokowski found another glass beside him, which he also swallowed, not without having said, meanwhile:

"It is time for me to go, gentlemen."

He began to play a second game. Meanwhile the conversation among those who were not playing, became animated. A captain had established himself on a sofa, and leaning on a cushion, with a pipe in his mouth, was captivated the attention of a circle of guests who assembled around him, by the eloquent narration of his love affairs. A very large gentleman, whose arms were so short that they resembled two pendant potatoes, was listening to him with an extremely insinuating expression, from time to time burying one of his little arms in his coat-pocket, with a pipe in his mouth, was captivated the attention of a circle of guests who assembled around him, by the eloquent narration of his love affairs.

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begun to hear the snoring of two coachmen and an equerry, who were taking their *siesta* in the stable, after having dined copiously. But she remained seated beneath the thick shade, whence one could see the public road, at this moment deserted, when suddenly her attention was attracted by